

THIS QUARTER

VOLUME 3

1930-1931

KRAUS REPRINT CORPORATION

New York

1967

Printed in U.S.A.

THIS QUARTER

Edited & Published by EDWARD W. TITUS

Vol. III

No. I

CONTENTS

for July-August-September 1930

Editorially		3
Some Russian Notes	<i>George Reavey</i>	12
Mother Kemsy	<i>Maxim Gorky</i>	20
Poem	<i>Sergei Essenin</i>	27
The Dog	<i>M. Zoshtchenko</i>	29
Drawing	<i>Nathan Altman</i>	33
My Mysterious World	<i>Sergei Essenin</i>	35
Merry Paolo	<i>Ilya Erenburg</i>	37
Mayakovsky in Heaven	<i>Vladimir Mayakovsky</i>	47
Little Tales	<i>Feodor Sologub</i>	51
Poems	<i>Tikhonov</i>	59
Drawing	<i>Marc Chagall</i>	61
Tales	<i>Efim Zozulya</i>	63
Poem	<i>Boris Pasternak</i>	83
The Cellar	<i>Andrei Sobol</i>	84
Poem	<i>Nicolai Tikhonov</i>	93
Bicou	<i>Alexei Remisov</i>	94
Listen !	<i>Vladimir Mayakovsky</i>	105
Drawing	<i>Polia Chentoff</i>	107
A Serpent	<i>Mikhail Prishvin</i>	109
Letter to a Woman	<i>Sergei Essenin</i>	114

THIS QUARTER

The Lady in the Cellar	<i>Ralph Cheever Dunning</i>	117
Summer Night	<i>Mary Dreyspring</i>	121
Mr. Joyce and Mr. Gilbert	<i>Montgomery Belgion</i>	122
Sartor Resartus	<i>Edward W. Titus</i>	129
The Earth-Bound	<i>Janet Lewis</i>	142
With the Spring	<i>Janet Lewis</i>	143
Drawing	<i>Zhenya</i>	153
A La Belle Ferronnière	<i>Charles Seymour, Jr.</i>	155
A Papered Parlour	<i>T. F. Powys</i>	156
Empire	<i>Robert Penn Warren</i>	168
Death and the Poet	<i>Samuel Putnam</i>	170
Marine Eden	<i>Jacob Gould Fletcher</i>	178
The Flying Column		181
Studs	<i>James F. Farrell</i>	187

THIS QUARTER

July-August-September, 1930

EDITORIALLY :

What has happened to *poetry*? Can it be that poets no longer need money?

Frivolity aside,—

In the course of the past year, **THIS QUARTER** has announced a total of \$ 600, 15,000 francs, or approximately 120 pounds sterling in American and English poetry prizes. The details concerning apportionment need not be repeated here; they may be read elsewhere in the current number. The point is this : The editors of **THIS QUARTER** honestly feel that, on the basis of the showing made by poets who have seen fit to submit their work, it would be unfair to make any award as yet. The editors have, accordingly, decided to extend the time limit to the June issue 1931.

The dearth of poetic material is, frankly speaking, astounding. When Mr. Richard Aldington, the distinguished English poet and man of letters, first announced his 2,500 francs American poetry prize, which, thanks to his strenuous efforts, has since been increased to 10,000 francs, the London weekly, *Everyman*, saw fit to comment upon the fact that the prize, by a British subject, was offered not to Britishers, but to Americans. Mr. Aldington himself countered with the observation that if any worthwhile poetry was being written at the moment, it was in all likelihood to be discovered in America. To even things up, Mr. Edward W. Titus, the editor and publisher of **THIS QUARTER**, then offered an English poetry prize of 2,500 francs, while Mr. William Van Wyck, an American writer resident abroad, came forward with an additional 2,500 francs for the poet who should be adjudged to be the abler of the two winners. But the English poetry situation would appear to be just about the same as the American. From both sides of the water,

THIS QUARTER

we have received and published work which we considered to be possessed of distinction. On the other hand, the total amount of good work upon which we have been able to draw has been so small as to afford, in reality, no basis for a decision that would mean anything. Hence, our resolve to carry over the awards.

What is the cause of it all? Is it that the present is an unproductive period? Is it, possibly, an over pre-occupation with experimentations in form that acts as a deterrent? Or is it that poetry prizes have lost their one-time efficacy? The editors are quite sincere about the matter. Their intentions were the best in the world. They really would like to know. If our readers have any ideas, we should be glad to have them.

THE EDITOR



T. S. ELIOT'S ANABASIS When in a state of great mental commotion, noted poets have been known to seek and find release in suicide, adultery, drugs and drink (with the accompanying excesses that lead so often to incarceration), or in more or less dangerous political adventures, in inveterate scolding of their country, even in complete abandonment of their career as poets. Among the names that readily come to mind are Byron, Shelley, Gérard de Nerval, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud, not to speak of contemporaries. In this category of poets Mr. T. S. Eliot, whether from less sanguine virility or from placidity of temper, takes refuge in nothing more exciting than grey-glove and top-hat literary anomaly. This would be the only charitable way of accounting for his last excursion into comparative literature.

In an introduction to a translation by Mr. Mark Wardle of Monsieur Paul Valéry's *Le Serpent* Mr. Eliot thought it proper to say: "It is difficult for us, naturally wasteful, to understand the economy of French literature." It is just as difficult, just as much groping—shall we say—in "Wasteland," to find the duplicate of a mental organization that would exhibit such an anomalous disparity between theory and practice, between promise and performance, as Mr. Eliot displays in the recent publication of his translation of Monsieur St-J. Perse's poem *Anabasis* (Faber and Faber, London, 10 s. 6 d.).

We shall not speak here of the poem itself. Mr. Eliot tells us that it is already well known, not only in France, but in other countries as well, including Russia. This may be high praise to those who will have it so. Personally we leave our readers entirely free to thrill to the accents of *Anabasis* or remain unaffected by it, as

EDITORIALY

they doubtless would in any event, and quite uninfluenced by the fact that it had been made available also to those who are familiar with the tongues of Goethe and Tolstoy.

That nevertheless we find ourselves devoting space to the book is due entirely to the preface Mr. Eliot has resolved to append to his translation of the poem in despite of his declared conviction that it did not at all require one; to that and to certain statements and conclusions of which he unburdens himself therein. For it must be remembered that Mr. Eliot is an eminent poet in his own right; is one of our foremost contemporary critics and essayists; is also editor of a literary quarterly of undeniable authority, and a personality whose artistic, if not political kinship British and American anthologists alike at this moment keenly dispute among themselves.

There must have been some uncertainty (we have, in fact, heard doubt expressed on that score), as to whether *Anabasis* is poetry, since Mr. Eliot has deemed it necessary to insist: "But *Anabase* is poetry. (His nomenclature varies singularly between *Anabase* and *Anabasis*.) Its sequences, its logic of imagery, are those of poetry and not of prose; and in consequence—at least the two matters are very closely allied—the *declamation*, the system of stresses and pauses, which is particularly exhibited by the punctuation and spacing, is that of poetry and not of prose." This one passage alone raises a number of problems, but, as the late Poet Laureate said of the "happy phrases" in the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins: "These you will either find or not find for yourself."

The preface to *Anabasis* is brimful of muddled language or muddled thinking or both. In order that the reader may not think this judgment over-harsh, we shall let Mr. Eliot speak for himself:

Poetry, he tells us, may occur within a definite limit on one side, at any point of which the formal limits are "verse" and "prose," and he suggests that a writer, by using certain exclusively *poetic* methods, is sometimes able to write poetry in what is called prose. This same writer can, he proceeds, by *reversing* the process (which can mean only the use of the *prosaic* or *prose* method as against the *poetic*), write great prose in *verse*. The simple reply to this supposedly informative statement is that, whatever definition one may construct of "poetry," however good poetry might be written in "prose," and however "prosaic" some "verse" might be, it would be a violation of all "logic of concepts" to say that great prose can be written in *verse*. If the word "verse" connotes anything at all, it connotes metrical writing exclusively which prose, however poetic, does not. This is so elementary, that one feels almost like robbing a textbook to as much as suggest it.

THIS QUARTER

THE CRITIC'S DILEMMA Mr. Eliot enlarges on his theory in this manner :
"There are two very simple but insuperable

difficulties in any definition of 'prose' and 'poetry' (1). One is that we have three terms where we need four : we have 'verse' and 'poetry' on the one hand, and only 'prose' on the other." If Mr. Eliot has managed to produce confusion with the three terms he already has at his disposal, we dread to think of the havoc he might work with four ! But we must not interrupt him : "The other difficulty follows the first : that the words imply a valuation in one context which they do not in another. 'Poetry' introduces a distinction between good verse and bad verse ; but we have no word to separate bad prose from good prose." — This is only one of the dilemmas that inevitably entangle you when you try to evaluate something for which there is no universal, God or man-given, standard of value, but only one's own intimate emotional reaction—as opposed to a reasoned-out evaluation—to a work of art. The trouble with Mr. Eliot is perhaps not so much that his reasoning plays him false as that from his tower of ivory reasoning itself seems to be tabooed.

But since, in his preface, Mr. Eliot is himself dealing with the meaning of words, we, in our turn, need not hesitate to point out, need not fear the possible charge of playing on words when we say, that 'poetry', while it may or may not be the distinction between good and bad verse, certainly does not *introduce* that distinction, because in that case it would be not the distinct thing itself, but the distinguishing. Not that it can possibly matter one way or another, but since words are the tools we handle, we might as well handle them properly and avoid making a botch of the job. Especially so because Mr. Eliot, juxtaposing 'poetry' and 'verse' in the one place, suggests thereby one distinction, while juxtaposing, later, 'poetry', 'good verse' and 'bad verse' — this time omitting 'verse' — suggests still another distinction which makes confusion worse confounded by the inclusion of some sort of implicitly apparent difference that leaves us entirely in the dark as to any ultimate idea he may have in mind : as to whether the second distinction is simply subsidiary to the first or abolishes and supplants it, making 'poetry' the peer of 'good verse' and both or either opposed to 'bad verse'. Add to that the further fact that in an earlier

(1) In the enlightened days of Goethe apparently there were no such insuperable difficulties : "Wenn durch die Phantasie nicht Dinge entstehen, die fuer den Verstand ewig problematisch bleiben, so waere ueberhaupt zu der Phantasie nicht viel. Dies ist es, wodurch sich die Poesie von der Prosa unterscheidet, bei welcher der Verstand immer zur Hauptsache ist und sein mag und soll." Eckermann, *Gesprache mit Goethe*.

EDITORIALY

essay on Dante Mr. Eliot places himself, as we understand him, in the category of writers of 'verse', and we can only rub our eyes or implore the mercy of heaven itself!

Can it be that it is from a sense of modesty only that Mr. Eliot chooses to appear as a writer of mere 'verse'? Any impression of the existence of that virtue is dissipated on reading the first and last paragraphs of his preface. In the first he tells us that "when a poem is represented in the form of a translation, people who have never heard of it are naturally inclined to demand some testimonial. So I give it hereunder."

We are not so sure that people who have never heard of a poem are more inclined to demand some testimonial on its behalf on the score of it being a translation than they would on the score of it being an original work. But to the possible impeachment of the translation itself, Mr. Eliot has the delicately and subtly diplomatic foresight to answer that "it would not be even as satisfactory as it is, if the author had not collaborated with me to such an extent as to be half-translator. What inaccuracies remain are due to my own wilfulness." Mr. Eliot may coddle himself if he likes, and as much as he likes, but were he modest, he would not, could not, after conceding a fifty-percent credit in the translation to the author, have permitted the printing on the book's dust wrapper: "Translated by T. S. Eliot," and on the book's title-page: "Translation into English by T. S. Eliot."

Whose-ever voice it was that spoke, it was not Modesty's.



A CORNER IN "CHAIN LINKS"

We now arrive at the core of our interest in the book: Mr. Eliot makes it clear enough in his preface that the great point or one of the great points in the book is its imagery. He treats the reader to a comprehensive assortment of derivatives from the *imago*. He gives us image, imagination, imaginative, imagery, even a 'logic of imagination.' (Just what 'logic of imagination' might mean, we would thank some authority in Semantics to tell us.)

Out of sheer 'wilfulness' we, too, shall use an image in entering on the following brief discussion of the relation subsisting between the preface and the poem, and venture to say that whoever else may be lucky enough to draw the long end of the *Anabasis* wish-bone, it is not the reader. Until the imp of analysis has assumed or asserted the management of the reader's thinking plant, the preface might—one never can tell—evoke in some reader a vision of a limpid lake, bright as the mansions of the sun might be, and over this lake

THIS QUARTER

one must be ferried to reach—*Anabasis*. In the midst of the green-cupped waters of the lake, like an enchanted heron, always standing on one leg, one would think, stands Mr. Eliot, whose eyes are gazing, eagerly gazing, upon the fabled rolling-stone, symbol of the sempiternal farer-forth, who always arrives but never loiters long enough to gather dollars or the will-o'-the-wisp guineas or louis-d'ors. *Anabasis* is the epic of Arrival, of Restlessness, Marching through the desert, *encore* Arrival, *encore* Departure, "this time with the mariner,"—not to be confused with the *marine* to whom all these things are being told—the reader, that is.

Having had our little innocent flirtation with more or less logical imagery, we shall now take up that part of Mr. Eliot's preface wherein he undertakes to tell the reader just what he must do in order to understand *Anabasis*. And credit must be given him for his frankness in admitting that there might be some obscurities in the poem. He admits that handsomely enough and then explains that they are due to the suppression of 'links in the chain' of explanatory and connecting matter, and not to incoherence. Hence he advises the reader to allow the images to fall into his memory successively without questioning the reasonableness of each at the moment; so that, at the end, a total effect is produced. And so, in the best of faith, the reader does, and he has his "*liebe Noth*." Which, however, is no more than can be expected, because Mr. Eliot gives due warning that the reader of a poem, if he is at all worth his salt, must take at least as much trouble reading it "as a barrister reading an important decision on a complicated case." It is all there, as we are giving it, in the preface. And all of it you must do, if you would read Mr. Eliot's translation with understanding.

But if your parents have had so little wisdom as to spend their good money to have you taught French in addition to your English or American mother tongue, and you yourself have had the equally unwise, if not impolite, notion of really reading the facing French text of *Anabasis* to check up on Mr. Eliot's text in the translated version, for edification, amusement or just because you have paid for both texts, then, in a perhaps violent paraphrase, we believe, William James had once made of a passage in Pascal, one may say to you: You must either make up or not make up your mind—which will you do? But you *will* make up your mind and discover presently—if we may return to our previous image for a moment—that the enchanted heron standing on one leg all the time was nothing but a pipe-dream. Mr. Eliot was not standing on one leg at all. He shifted his legs, in fact. He shifted, he dodged, he ran away. You will discover that so far from keeping up even a pretence of suppression of 'links in the chain,' he had

EDITORIALLY

made the rounds of every ironmonger in his bailiwick, buying up a supply of chain-links in order not only to repair any possible gaps but also to add to the chain's length, and that quite considerably.



THE DEAD PARALLEL

We shall give, in parallel columns, a few illustrations of this chain-elongation, this disregard of the author's abbreviation or compression, and also add a few specimens of both texts "so that—in the words of the publishers' notice—readers may judge for themselves of the merit and accuracy of the translation, and of the beauty of the original."

pp. 14-15.

"Je vous salue, ma fille, sous le plus grand des arbres de l'année."

"Hail, daughter, under the most considerable of the trees of the year."

There is venerable authority for "great tree." But Mr. Eliot prefers the Yankee country store-keeper's "considerable," and succeeds thereby in turning a great tree into what the prophet Isaiah tells the eunuch said: "Behold, I am a *dry* tree." And yet on pp. 62-63 the same "grands arbres" is rendered "great trees."

pp. 18-19.

"Sur trois grandes saisons m'établissant avec honneur, j'augure bien du sol où j'ai fondé ma loi."

"I have built myself, with honour and dignity have I built myself on three great seasons, and it promises well, the soil, whereon I have established my Law."

Here we see the ironmonger's "chain-links." Twenty-eight words in the English instead of sixteen only in the French text. And the ironmonger suggests kinship with Miss Gertrude Stein. There must have been some esoteric, for we are unable to discover any rational or craftsman's reason why that passage could not have been rendered simply: "I have established myself with dignity (*or honour*) on three great seasons, and it promises well, the soil whereon I have founded my Law." At least it would have been within the claim of accuracy stressed in favor of the book.

pp. 18-19.

"Puissance tu chantaïs sur nos routes nocturnes..."

"Power, you sang on our tracks of bivouac and vigil."

Another instance of extension. "Bivouac and vigil"—the translator's invention.

pp. 20-21.

"...suiveurs de pistes, de saisons."

"...trackers of beasts and of seasons."

Beasts not in the original.

THIS QUARTER

pp. 22-23.

<p>"... j'inscris ce chant de tout un peuple, le <i>plus ivre</i>."</p>	<p>"I inscribe this chant of all a people, the most <i>rapt god-drunk</i>."</p>
---	---

"Rapt god-..." not in the original text.

pp. 28-29.

<p>"Traces les routes où s'en aillent les gens de toutes races, <i>montrant</i> cette couleur jaune du talon."</p>	<p>"Trace the roads whereon take their departure the folk of all races, <i>bending</i> their yellow heel."</p>
--	--

When people depart they are more likely to *show* rather than *bend* their heels. The French text reads in that sense.

pp. 30-31.

<p>"... marché sur mes pas."</p>	<p>"...has followed my pace."</p>
----------------------------------	-----------------------------------

To follow or tread in a person's footsteps, as the French text has it, is one thing; to follow that person's pace, is quite another: Dogging my steps—might have made a more colloquially robust rendition,—is the timid suggestion.

pp. 34-35.

<p>"...Et ce n'est pas le <i>lieu de vous conter</i> nos alliances ..."</p>	<p>"And this is no time to tell you no time to reckon our alliances"</p>
---	--

The original neither mentions "time," much less repeats it, nor reckons the alliances.

pp. 40-41.

<p>"Ceux qui ont couché nus dans l'immense saison se lèvent en foule sur la terre—se lèvent en foules..."</p>	<p>"Those who lay naked in the huge season arise together..."</p>
---	---

Why has Mr. Eliot left out the rhythmically repeated "s'élèvent en foule"? From what would seem to be a strange caprice he repeats phrases the original text does not repeat, and refrains from repeating what the most elementary accuracy demands he should repeat.

pp. 42-43.

<p>"... un frémissement du large <i>dans</i> un arbre de fer."</p>	<p>"... shudder of space shaking an iron tree."</p>
--	---

What can be the translator's objection to the preposition "in" or "within"? He dodged using it also on p. 15, where the French text reads: "l'étranger a mis son doigt *dans* la bouche des morts," the English version, on the contrary, being: "the stranger laid his finger *on* the mouth of the Dead." Some hitherto unknown complex no doubt.

pp. 46-47.

<p>"... les <i>carrelages</i> d'un bleu vif..."</p>	<p>"... the <i>floors</i> of bright blue..."</p>
---	--

To be sure, floors are frequently made of tiles, but in the present instance Monsieur Perse said nothing of floors and

EDITORIALLY

spoke only of tiling. Why should the translator insist on being explicit when the original author prefers reserve and reticence?—In another instance where the latter speaks of girls making water, Mr. Eliot must have more detail and so adds "straddling."

Etc., etc.



Technical exigencies frequently compel the translator of a rhymed or an unrhymed metrical poem to pad or clip the original material in order to make his lines fit into the mould of form he deals with, but such a poem as *Anabasis*, being a prose poem, does not call for those devices. One might, to be sure, advance on behalf of Mr. Eliot the excuse that, having had Monsieur Perse collaborate with him 'to such an extent as to be half-translator,' not all technical and material defects in the translation should be charged up against him, perhaps not any should be so charged, inasmuch as all of them may have been due to his associate.

We should be the last to refuse to Mr. T. S. Eliot any comfort he may derive from such a plea.

(E. W. T.)

SOME RUSSIAN NOTES

by

George Reavey

Ilya Erenburg, poet and novelist, was born in 1891, of Jewish parents, and passed his early life in Moscow and Kiev. While still at school, he became involved in the Revolutionary movement of 1905, and after imprisonment, came to Europe as a political emigré. He returned to Russia in 1917, where he led a varied and adventurous life, until he came back to settle in France, in 1921. His long exile has given Erenburg a second, "European", soul, and he remains a writer of cosmopolitan outlook, conscious of the many international tendencies. Erenburg's writing is veined with satire, and his satiric picture of wartime Europe, *The Life and Adventures of Julio Jurenito* (1921), remains his most compelling work. Among his other works we find : *Unlikely Tales*, 1921; *Six Tales About Easy Ends*, 1922; *The Life and End of Nicolas Kourbov*, 1922; *Thirteen Pipes*, 1923; *Trust D. E.*, 1923; *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, 1924; *The Summer of the Year*, 1925, 1926; *The Protochny Street*, 1927; *The Conspiracy of Equals*, 1928; *The Adventures of Lazik Rotschwanz*, 1929; *The Life of Gracchus Babeuf*, 1929; *10 C. V.*, 1930.



Sergei Essenin, considered by some to be the finest Russian lyric poet since Pushkin, was born of a peasant family in Ryazan, in 1895, and finished the district Church school at the age of sixteen. He was already writing verse at the age of nine, and in 1913, he was induced to go to St. Petersburg, where he created a sensation, and met Blok, Gorodetzky and Kluyev. Essenin was a born lyrical poet, who commanded the traditional folk rhythms and sang in the more popular sentimental strain, but this poetry was deepened and made more significant by the mystical vision of the village and the "wooden" Russia, which were to be the product of the coming Revolution, and by the more personal conflict in his soul which was torn by a tragic disappoint-

GEORGE REAVEY

ment in a Revolution which stressed an industrial theory, mechanisation and the city. Essenin, who had greeted the Revolution with his poems *Inonia* (1918) and *Pugatchev* (1922), soon felt his lyric impulse to be out of place, and the fact that he could not grapple with the vision of a new world is well illustrated by his unseeing attitude during his tour of Europe and America with Isadora Duncan (1922-23). He descended into the tavern "so as not to gaze on Destiny's face," and finally committed suicide in 1925. He left behind a body of fine lyrical work, which is at once a revelation of the Russian soul and a symbol of the conflict between the old and the new worlds.



MAXIM GORKY Maxim Gorky, born in 1869, is the most translated of the living Russian writers. He has given us the details of his life in many of his books, and *My Universities* (1923) is a typical account of the difficulties through which he had to struggle in his youth, before his gift of observation and a natural impulsion to write attracted attention and gradually won him a place as one of the significant Russian writers. Beginning to write in the 90's, it was not until the publication of his novel *Mother*, in 1905, that he entered more definitely into the ranks of Russian literature. Gorky has affinities with the naturalistic school of fiction, and his writing abounds in vivid records; thematically, though in a more objective way, he has followed Dostoevsky into the "lower depths," and the world he reveals is charged with the atmosphere of "revolution" and social unrest, while the outcasts and vagabonds that tramp through his pages come to symbolise a new will to power, which Gorky tends to identify with the vaunted "superman". After the Revolution of 1917, Gorky undertook the very important task of preserving the intellectual life of Russia, and many of the writers of both the older and younger generations are indebted to him, either for their survival or for the propitious beginning of their literary career. Gorky's collected works began to be published in 1917, and by 1928, they had attained to twenty volumes, which include: *Mother*, 1905; *Tales*, 1913; *Nonsense, stories*, 1918; *How I Learnt*, 1918; *Culture and Liberty*, 1919; *On the Rafts*, 1920; *Reminiscences of Leo Tolstoy*, 1919; *My Universities*, 1923; *Stories*, 1923-25; *First Love, stories*, 1926; *Childhood*, 1926; *The Artamanov Affair*, a novel, 1926; *Foma Gordeev*, a novel, 1927; *The Life of Klim Samgin*, 1928.

THIS QUARTER

Vladimir Mayakovsky (1894-1930) was already an active revolutionary in 1908, and he brought the same revolutionary ardour first of all to painting and later to poetry. His "Futurism" caused his expulsion from the Academy of Painting, and in 1912, together with Khlebnikov and Bourliuk, he signed the Futurist Manifesto, which protested against an outworn past and proclaimed the supremacy of the living word. From the very beginning, Mayakovsky adopted a political and social attitude in his poetry, and satire proved a fine instrument to this end; but while this tendency of his grew stronger, and finally was canonized, after the Revolution of 1917, we have to recognize the fact that this political brand of poetry was not of artificial growth, but that it was implicate in the poet's development; just as he painted several thousand propaganda posters, so with perfection of technique and command of the word, he proceeded to write his "revolutionary" moralities. While one may regret the absence from his later poems of the broader human situation, which was so well expressed in his earlier masterpiece *The Cloud in Trousers* (1916), and while one may, in an age when "pure" poetry is the vogue, prefer the more "poetic" school of Boris Pasternak, yet the didactic poetry of Mayakovsky must be recognized as a genre, and the proper comparison must be instituted. Nor must it be forgotten that Mayakovsky was one of the first to sing the life of the "town" and the street, and to attempt the Wordsworthian task of enriching and simplifying the poetic vocabulary. He committed suicide in April 1930; and his poetry remains, in many ways, symbolical of a stage of both Russian and European development. Mayakovsky was always a fertile poet, and his *Collected Works*, 1913-30, will run to over seven volumes.



Boris Pasternak, one of the most remarkable of the contemporary Russian lyric poets, was born in Moscow in 1890, the son of a painter and Academician. He displayed an early passion for music, and studied composition under Scriabin. After finishing his philosophical studies at the University, he made a prolonged stay in Germany and Italy, where he absorbed much of that European culture which enters as a conscious element into his poetry. During the war, he worked in a factory in the Urals and, after the Revolution, was among other things a librarian. His first book of poems appeared in 1914, but it was not until the publi-

GEORGE REAVEY

cation of *Sister, Life of Mine* (1922) and *Themes and Variations* (1923) that Pasternak took a decisive place in the ranks of Russian poets. His poetry lacks the broader sentimental appeal of an Esenin or the great symbolical power of a Blok; and unlike that of Mayakovsky, it is non-political; but it is extraordinary for its unusual vision, synthesis, and the revolutionary use of the word, which Pasternak learnt from Khlebnikov and the Futurists, but which he developed in accordance with his own laws of musical composition. Pasternak, by his dynamic and associative use of the musical word, at the same time intensifies the lyric and enriches it with intellectual suggestion. In a later series of lyrics, 1905, he has treated a revolutionary theme, while his last book, *Over the Barriers* (1929), assembles his earliest as well as his latest poems. Pasternak's stories, which have been attracting wider attention, are subtle revelations in the study of sensibility and adolescence; but it is as a poet that his achievement is exercising an undoubted and lasting influence on his contemporaries.



MICHAEL PRISHVIN Michael Prishvin is one of the more remarkable of the contemporary Russian writers. His whole life has been a search for reality and equilibrium, and he brings to Russian literature a strong vein of sanity and of health. Ever since his revolutionary activities in 1905, and his period of political emigration, which he spent at the University of Leipzig, studying Agronomy, he has been a wanderer and an observer, in Russia and among the Asiatic tribes. As a hunter, he has learnt much from wild beasts, as well as from men, and his directness and sobriety are those of the earth. He has striven to discover the man who should be independent of immediate environment and free from pessimism, and although a writer of the older generation, it was not until after the Revolution, and his comprehensive novel, *The Skeleton Chain*, 1927, that he attained a fuller vision. His other works include: *In the Land of Unfrightened Birds*, 1907; *After the Magic Loaf*, 1908; *By the Walls of the Unseen City*, 1909; *The Black Arab*, 1923; *Kurymushka*, 1924; *Hunting Stories*, 1925; *Hunting and Catch in the North*, 1923; *Boots*, 1925; *The Youth of Altapov*, 1926; *The Springs of Berendei*, 1926; *The Hunt After Happiness*, stories, 1927. His collected works have been published in four volumes, 1927.

THIS QUARTER

ALEXEI REMISOV Alexei Remisov, born in 1877, is one of the more significant prose-writers and novelists of the Symbolist generation.

He studied natural sciences at the University of Moscow, and his first books were published in 1902. Like William Blake, Remisov has always had a passionate desire to penetrate the outward appearances of things, and his writing therefore has tended to the symbolical and away from the naturalistic and purely psychological type of novel. Remisov's consciousness of the Russian literary tradition, his admiration for Gogol, Dostoievsky, Leskov and Rozanov, his wide historical interests, perfect knowledge of the national folklore, his command of a pure Russian style, with a love of verbal and constructive experimentation, together with his use of the dream as an element of reality, give his work a contemporary as well as a lasting importance, and the younger generation writers, like Boris Pilyak, have acknowledged their indebtedness to Remisov. Remisov has already forty books to his credit, stories, novels and plays, many of which have been translated, and among which we may notice: *The Pond*, 1903; *The Clock*, 1908 (translation published by Chatto and Windus, 1924); *The Sisters of the Cross*, 1911; *The Fifth Pestilence*, 1912 (translation published by Chatto and Windus, 1925); *On the Field of Azure*, 1922; *Russia in the Whirlwind*; *Olia*, 1927. While living in Paris and looking retrospectively at Russia, Remisov has written in *Cornices* (1929), a fine study of the inner reality and the wanderings of the Russian soul, through Germany, until it touches the Celtic magic of the Breton child, Bicou.



ANDREI SOBOL Andrei Sobol (1888-1926) was born in Saratov. He left his family at the age of fourteen and wandered about the Urals, and later travelled in North West Russia as a prompter of a summer repertory theatre. From 1904, he began to work in revolutionary circles, and in 1906, he was condemned to four years penal servitude. At the end of this period, he escaped from the detention camp and fled to Western Europe, where he lived as an emigré until 1914. He volunteered for the French army, but was refused on account of his health; then he made his way through Serbia to Russia, and served on the Caucasian front under an assumed name. He returned to Moscow in 1917, and in August of the same year, he went to the western front as a commissar of the Twelfth Army. After the October Revolution, he again wandered about Russia. He began writing in 1913, and his first story was published in the

GEORGE REAVEY

following year, since which time he has written numerous stories and novels. He committed suicide in Moscow in 1926. His published works include : *Stories*, 1916; a novel, *Dust*, 1917; two books of stories, *Passersby* and *Fragments*, 1923; *A Man Overboard*, 1925; *The Jottings of a Convict*, 1925; a play of convict life, *Let Us Fly Away*, 1925; a long story, *The Salon Car*, 1926. His *Collected Works* were published in four volumes in 1926-27.



FEODOR SOLOGUB Feodor Sologub (1863-1927) was a poet and prose writer of the "Decadent" generation. Two books of his short stories, *The Shadows* and *Painful Dreams* appeared in 1896, and breathed much of that æstheticism, *Poesque* horror and the "cult of evil" which had become so prevalent, and which were later symbolised in the plays of Andreiev. Sologub was always an experimental and meticulous artist, who paid the greatest attention to the precision of the word and evolved a picked vocabulary related to his vision of the world as a struggle between the forces of Life and Death, Light and Darkness; and this sombre, death-haunted atmosphere colours most of his tales. The provinces, with the dark touches of stark realism they offered, often served him as the gloomy background for his strange brood of unbalanced and "curiously" indifferent characters. *The Small Demon* (1905), a classic of the type, tells of a provincial teacher who is driven to suicide by his persecution mania. His longer work, *The Created Legend*, was published in 1914.



NICOLAI TIKHONOV Nicolai Tikhonov, the poet, was born in 1896. He served as a soldier throughout the war, and later fought in the Red Army until 1920. He then came to Leningrad, joined the "Ostravityanie" group of writers and later became a "Serapion Brother". Two books of his poems, *The Horde* and *Mead* were published in 1922. These poems are written in the ballad style, which was being revived at the time, to give scope for narrative and revolutionary themes. Their subjects are taken chiefly from the Civil War. Tikhonov, however, is too much of a poet to give any bald accounts. His is a poetry of action, simple and severe,

THIS QUARTER

metallic, ironic rather than pathetic; hard-fighting, earthly and precise; but his grasp of the poetic essence, his imagery and masterly use of words, single out his poetry as the finest of its type. The prose of his stories, *The Venturesome Man*, shows the same virile and reserved qualities in its treatment of men and events. His later books of poems, *In Search of a Hero* (1927) and *Poems* (1928), are more subdued in tone, and show the influence of Pasternak in their increasing preoccupation with rootwords and musical patterns.



MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO Michael Zoshchenko, the son of a painter of noble descent, was born in 1895. He finished the gymnasium in 1913, and became a student in the Law Faculty at the University of St. Petersburg. In 1915, he enrolled in the army, but was soon wounded and gassed, and retired with the rank of captain. After the Revolution, he volunteered in the Red Army, in which he served till 1919. His first story, published in 1921, revealed him as a great humourist, and he speedily gained recognition and popularity. His humour has that underlying despair and melancholy which characterise the writings of Gogol and Tchekov, while his style is the colloquial and racy style of Lieskov. Like the early Tchekov, he had no pretensions to *literature*, but his sure eye for situations and the ridiculous, his great familiarity with the "byt", the life of the people, and his instantaneous power of characterization, which gives life to a multitude of tragi-comic types, the petty merchants, the workmen, the old and new rich, who defile before us with their aspirations, grievances and stupidities, render his creations at once vital and popular. Since 1921, Zoshchenko has written many stories, which have been collected under the following titles : *Tales of Nazar Ilyitch*, *Mr. Sinebrukhov*, 1922; *Stories*, 1923; *Humorous Tales*, 1923; *The Merry Life*, 1924; *The Monkey Language*, 1925; *Humorous Tales*, 1925; *What the Nightingale Sang*, 1925; *Nervous People*, 1927; *Social Melancholy*, 1927.



EFIM ZOZULIA Efim Davidovitch Zozulia was born in Moscow in 1891 but spent the greater part of his childhood in the industrial town of Lodj. Early revolutionary activities led to his imprisonment, in 1905, and so prevented his finishing his studies. On his release,

GEORGE REAVEY

he went to America, where he worked at odd trades; returning to Russia, he became a professional writer in 1909, and contributed to a number of newspapers and reviews. His first book, *The Annihilation of Capital*, was published in 1918, and from that time, while continuing his journalistic career as an editor and reporter, he pursued his more literary ambitions and published several collections of stories in *The First Volume* and *The Gramophone of the Ages*, 1923, *The Tale of Ak and Humanity*, 1925; *Spring Stories*, 1926; *The Attractive Girl and other stories*, 1927.

MOTHER KEMSKY

by

Maxim Gorky

I walked into the town in the evening; ruddy clouds were glowing above the roofs; rosy dust seemed poised in the still air; it was Saturday, and church bells were ringing for vespers. A barefooted, bearded artisan was driving with a stick a pig and seven spotted sucklings out of the enclosure of a humble little church squeezed into a quiet cul-de-sac crowded with brick houses. A woman in a black dress and a black rusty looking shawl stood stock-still opposite the church steps anxiously counting some coppers; she counted them, arranged them in piles on her palm, gazed at the dusty sky and the blue cupola of the belfry, and blowing out her dark, thick lips, began counting once more.

I went into a pot-house, asked for a bottle of beer, and looking out of the window lost myself in thought : what ought I to bless and what to curse ?

I was still very young and, in my search for stable equilibrium, swayed from side to side. I fancied that life was mocking me senselessly, showing me hideous, humiliating grimaces. Things that men of experience advised me to bless were dull, colourless and dead; and they urged me to curse the very things that I liked.

On the whole I could make nothing of it. Sometimes it seemed to me there were no thoughts in my head at all but only many-coloured balls poised and jumping about like dust in the air. And the worst of it was that I believed less and less the wise men who told me that they understood it all. I felt I was in the same stupid

MAXIM GORKY

difficulty as the fly that kept pushing its head against the window pane : apparently there was nothing there and yet it was impenetrable.

An extraordinary looking old woman walked down the dull, empty, cleanly-swept street; there was something bird-like in her walk, she seemed to dive suddenly, to make unnecessary curves and circles, skipping back or to one side when she met someone; other people too jumped away from her, casting hostile sidelong glances at her.

Her walk was indeed like the swift and capricious flight of a swallow; the likeness to a bird was increased still more by the coloured rags that fluttered about her small light figure; she seemed covered with them, and there were paper ribbons on her grey hair. Her head turned anxiously on her thin neck, her short nose sniffed the air, her short lower jaw moved continually as though chewing the air, tufts of grey hair grew on her dark skinned chin. Bare dirty feet, like the paws of a beast, showed from under her skirt adorned as though on purpose with a number of coloured patches, and another pair of paws clutched convulsively at the lamp-posts, fences and walls of the houses.

There was not much of a human being in this strange creature that reminded me of a chimera or some fabulous monster. Her eyes were so deeply hidden in the dark sockets under the bushy, angrily frowning brows that she seemed blind. She crossed the road, made a skip, turned round and walked past the window.

I asked the man behind the counter :

"Who is it?"

"Mother Kemsky," he answered with the pride they speak of famous men's monuments in provincial towns — of Karamzin's at Simtorsk, or of Derzhavin's at Kazan.

The bar-man was old and sleek with a clean-shaven face like an actor's; he smiled affably showing his false teeth.

THIS QUARTER

I did not ask him, but he told me with pleasure and as it were admiration a lively tale about 'Mother Kemsy.'

A certain Kemsy—a prince, if I remember rightly, came from abroad to his step-father's funeral; he buried him, fell in love with an actress, spent with her in a short time the fortune he inherited, and deciding he had nothing more to live for, shot himself in the mouth. He did not die, however; the bullet shot away his tongue and went through his neck. He was dumb and his head was awry. When he was laid up in his ancestral home, severely wounded, a relative of his step-father's, a young girl fresh from a 'school for daughters of gentlemen' came to look after him. She nursed him back to health, and, during the eleven years that she lived with him, bore him five children.

In Kemsy's life-time she kept him and the children by giving music and drawing lessons and selling their furniture and things; by the time he died thirteen rooms of the two-story house were completely empty and the mother and children crowded into two.

Showing his dazzling teeth in a smile the man said, "She has sold all she had; her children sleep on the bare floor and so does she—except that sometimes they eteal some hay or straw; they are regular savages."

He spoke with relish, exclaiming delightedly :

"They have not a mirror, nothing! People wondered why did she take such a cross upon herself? She said she had to keep the family going, it was unthinkable that such a name should die out—the Kemslys, she said, had saved Russi many a time. This is all a silly fancy, of course—howacan one save Russia? No one could run away with it. Russia isn't a horse—gypsies won't steal it."

For twenty-eight years 'Mother Kemsy' ran about the streets of the town, a hungry, dishevelled, sinewy she-wolf moving her jaw and whispering something as she ran.

"One might think she was repeating a prayer, but she is too hard-hearted to do that."

She grew so untidy, rough and ragged that 'decent people' would not have her in the house and she could no longer teach their children music and drawing. To provide food for her children she stole hens and vegetables from kitchen-gardens, caught pigeons in the attics; in the summer she gathered sorrel, edible roots, berries and mushrooms; on winter nights she went in the snow-storm to the forest to steal wood and broke planks out of fences to warm at least one stove in her tumble-down house. The whole town marvelled at her inexhaustible energy; they did not even prosecute her for stealing.

"They might occasionally give her a slight beating, but they would never think of sending for the police. People are sorry for her."

The townspeople wondered that she never begged and they respected her for it, but no one had ever given her any help.

"Why not?" I asked.

"It's hard to say why... I suppose it's because she is so hard and proud, and people wanted to see how long her pride would last. But for the last three years they have been giving alms to her; she is quite mad now. And do you know what her madness is? It's all about her children. 'My children,' she cries, 'have all been born to reign: Boris is the king of Poland, Tima—king of Bulgaria, and Sasha—king of Greece,—that's her ideal! And we often thrash those kings—they have taken after their mother and are all thieves! Boris is a hunchback, he dropped out of a window when he was a baby, Timofey is weak-minded, Alesander is deaf and dumb, and the youngest too is deficient. And the chief thing is, they are all thieves; Boris is the worst. Only the eldest, Kronid, has turned out decently, he works in the slaughter-house. He is a quiet, modest man and is ashamed of his mother and brothers. He does not live in their house

THIS QUARTER

and has nothing to do with them. He married a washer-woman a little while ago. And the mamma is always running about, darting to and fro, finding food for her drones. She is a remarkable woman; the bishop himself marvelled at her—he said her patience was inexhaustible and we should take a lesson from her. One must be careful how one gives her alms—she is afraid of people and is down on us all. She cries ‘away with you!’”

The canary was singing deafeningly, making one wonder at the strength concealed in this diminutive lump of yellow feathers, tiny muscles and fragile, elegant little bones. Canary’s singing always reminds me of the sobbing bray of a donkey.

The bar-man was kindly, talkative and surprised at his own well-being. I did not notice when he stopped talking of ‘Mother Kemsky’ and began talking of himself.

“Fate has always made it up to me for the bad things that happened. My wife and I lived together for seventeen years and never had a cross word—but while she lived I constantly had toothache. I had my teeth stopped and pulled out, and yet they ached. But my wife died and that very year my toothache disappeared! So that evidently there exists a balance of events. One shouldn’t complain.”

He had evidently forgotten that he had false teeth.

“Look, look, there’s the King of Poland!”

A huge bundle of straw, tied clumsily with a tow-rope was moving down the street; the man was hidden behind it, and only his thin, spider-like legs were showing. The trouser on the left leg was torn, showing a bare, unnaturally twisted knee.

“There he is,” the bar-man said and laughed a polite little laugh.

... It was night. Through the trees I could see the moon like a fish’s eye and several stars wide apart. The telegraph wires hummed. The bluish air above me smelt of dust and of something putrid.

MAXIM GORKY

A two-storeyed house with three dilapidated columns in front was before me; the windows of the upper story had no glass or window frames and some of the brick-work had fallen out—they looked like holes with ragged edges and it seemed as though a thick black darkness was pouring out of them like a cold smoke. There was nothing round the house—no fence, no outbuildings; all that remained of the wide gates were broken down brick stantions. The house might have been standing in a desolate waste and not in the town.

There were five windows on the ground floor; two of them had no window frames either and were blocked up with bricks. Through the dim glass of the end window the reddish disk of a lamp could be seen; in spite of the sultry heat the window was closed and had a board nailed across it from outside : evidently the frame was rotten and could not be opened. There was a noise behind the window; it sounded like dogs barking and howling; someone seemed to be crying; two voices were shouting :

“Knave of spades...”

“Nonsense, it’s a king...”

“Two copecks!”

“What nest!”

A fantastic figure of an indefinite shape crept out from behind the corner of the house; it seemed to be crawling on all fours. Looking at it carefully, I recognized it : it was “Mother Kemsy”; bending down she picked up something from the ground and put it into her skirt. I could hear her grumbling. She crept up to me, very nearly stumbled against my feet, and, suddenly standing up, cried out, throwing sticks and twigs at me :

“Ah, damnation take you.”

It was an unnatural, inhuman cry; a human being could not, ought not to cry like that.

Seen from near, “Mother Kemsy” seemed small like a child, probably because she had nothing but a shift on.

THIS QUARTER

Bending double she picked up dust and rubbish from the ground and throwing it at me called in a piercing voice :

“Children, children...”

I heard the stamping of bare feet and walked away; angry voices were saying behind me :

“Drag her in...”

“The old fool!”

“Who let her out?”

A young, half-formed bass voice uttered a filthy oath.

... It was day-break. I sat on a seat in the boulevard and very much wanted to ask someone :

Why should “Mother Kemsy” and her like exist at
→ all ? What need is there for meaningless human suffering ?

POEM

by

Sergei Essenin

*I've wearied of my native land,
That sorrowful and oaten wide,
And my poor hut I shall forsake
To wander off a tramp and thief.*

*I'll go upon white curls of day
And search a lowly dwelling place.
The dear-loved friend will sharpen then
His knife, against me, in the boot.*

*The yellow road is woven round
With spring and sun spread on the grass,
And she whose name I careful guard
Will drive me begging from the porch.*

*Then back to the paternal house,
And with another's joy consoled,
One evening green I'll hang myself
Out of the window on a sleeve.*

*Grey willows by the wattle-hedge
More tenderly will bow their heads.
And to the barking loud of dogs
They'll take and bury me unwashed.*

THIS QUARTER

*And so the moon will float and float.
And drop its oars into the lake,
While Russia will live on the same
And dance and cry still by the fence.*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey.)

THE DOG

by

M. Zoshtchenko

The shopkeeper, Eremey Babkin, had his raccoon fur coat stolen. He almost howled with vexation—desperately sorry to lose the coat.

"It was a good coat, citizens," he said. "I am as sorry as can be. I don't mind what I spend, but I'll find the thief, I'll give it him!"

And so Eremey Babkin sent for the Criminal Department dog-detective. A queer looking fellow in a cap and putties came with the dog. A formidable dog it was—black like the devil, with a pointed face, most unattractive.

The police agent made his dog sniff the footprints by the shopkeeper's door, said 'pss' and went aside.

The dog sniffed the air, looked round people's faces (a crowd had assembled, of course) and suddenly made for old Fyokla from number five and began sniffing her skirt. Granny hid in the crowd, but the dog nipped her skirt. She rushed away, but the dog followed and held on. Granny flopped on to her knees before the Agent.

"Yes," she said, "I am caught. I don't deny it. Five gallons fermenting—that is so. And a whole outfit for making vodka—quite true. It's all hidden in the bathroom. Take me to the police station straight away."

Well, the people simply gaped, of course.

"And the fur coat?" they asked.

"About the coat I know nothing," she said, "but the rest is true. I confess it."

Well, they took granny away.

THIS QUARTER

The agent took his dog once more, put its nose on to the footprints, said 'pss' and went aside. The dog rolled its eyes, sniffed the air and suddenly went up to the house-superintendent.

The man turned white and fell flat on the ground.

"Take me, good people, honest citizens. I have collected money for the water rate but I spent that money on my own pleasures."

Well, of course the tenants rushed at him and bound him hand and foot. And meanwhile the dog went up to the citizen from room number seven and pulled his trousers.

The citizen turned white; he fell on his knees before the people and said: "I am guilty. Yes, I did put a false date in my passport. I ought to be in the army, lazy brute that I am, defending my fatherland, and here I live in number seven and enjoy electric light and other communal advantages. Take me to prison."

The people were aghast. What an extraordinary dog, they all thought.

The shopkeeper, Eremey Babkin, blinked, pulled out the money and handed it to the agent.

"Take your dog to the devil," he said. "My fur coat go hang, the deuce take it."

But the dog was by him already. It stood facing him and wagging its tail.

The shopkeeper lost his nerve; he moved aside but the dog followed him, and sniffed his goloshes.

The shopkeeper turned white and shook like a leaf.

"Well," he said, "God really does see the truth. I am a rascal and a scoundrel. It was not my own coat, good people, I filched it from my uncle...."

The people scampered away when they heard this. The dog had not time to sniff the air. It seized two or three men that were near and held them.

These also confessed. One of them had gambled away government money, another had hit his wife with a

M. ZOSHTCHENKO

flat iron and the third had said something so dreadful that it could not be mentioned in polite literature.

The people had all cleared off. The yard was empty. Only the dog and the police agent were left. And suddenly the dog approached the agent and wagged its tail.

The agent turned white and fell on his knees before the dog. "Bite me, citizen dog," he said, "I received thirty roubles for your keep this morning and I took twenty for myself...."

I don't know what happened next. I thought it safer not to stay. One never knows....

(Translated from the Russian by Natalie Duddington.)



Drawing, by *Nathan Altman*

MY MYSTERIOUS WORLD

by

Sergei Essenin

*My mysterious, my ancient world,
Like the wind you have settled and stilled.
Behold, the stone hands of the road
Have grasped and throttled the village.*

*So the ringing sorrow in fright
Has darted into the blizzard.
Welcome to you dark destruction,
To meet you directly I step !*

*O city, your merciless grip,
Has penned us like carrion and dirt.
Fields cool in the ooze of sorrow,
Oppressed by the telegraph poles.*

*Strong-muscled the devilish imp,
And faggots of iron are easy.
What then? We shall not be the first
To wander away and get lost.*

*O, welcome to you, beast beloved,
Not in vain then you yield to the knife.
Like you—I'm pursued on all sides,
And midst iron enemies pass.*

THIS QUARTER

*Like you, I am always prepared,
But, hearing the victorious horn,
My last mortal leap will yet try
To taste of the enemy blood.*

*And what if I fall in the storm
And bury myself in the snow....
On the other shore will be sung
The song of revenge for my death.*

*Let the heart be gripped in suspense,
That's the song of animal rights !...
....So the hunters quarry the wolf
And grip him in jaws of the beat.*

*The beast's fallen; from sullen depths,
Someone will now pull the trigger....
A sudden leap—and fierce tusks tear
The two-legged foe to pieces.*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey)

MERRY PAOLO

by

Ilya Erenburg

The air of Tiflis is keen and filled with an old caress. It invites to an easy life, in the midst of wine and green leeks. It invites, also, to an easy death. I have only to remember the bright-eyed Paolo, and I begin to smile. I am ready then to believe in you, in myself, and in the gaunt plane-trees of the Botanical Gardens, which on this October night are engaged in a disputation with the dull, disgraceful rain.

Paolo was awakened in the early morning by his friend, Chihoshvili, who nervously threw up the blind, letting in the honey-light of the neighboring hills to suffuse the gray walls. Empty bottles, frayed slippers, a candle-end, and a Balzac novel stained with stearin lay in confusion by the bed. Paolo had, perhaps, been drinking wine the evening before? Or had he been reading *La Peau de Chagrin* all night? Chihoshvili, however, had no time for speculation. Sitting down upon the bed, he spread out his hands and said :

"Listen, Paolo, you leave today. The Kutais letter has fallen into Vanidze's possession. I have just heard about it. If you don't leave today, you will undoubtedly be arrested. You must make haste, Paolo! I have made arrangements with the chauffeur. He will drive you as far as Oguet..."

Paolo leapt up and, merrily flapping his bare feet went over to the window. Bracing himself slightly he pressed against the obstinate frame. The neighing of mules,

THIS QUARTER

the rumble from a nearby stable, the cries of sour-milk traders poured into the room. Paolo glanced smilingly at the empty bottles and *La Peau de Chagrin*. He breathed in the air greedily, and his hairy chest could be seen rising and falling. Then, at last, he remembered Chihoshvili's fear-inspiring words. He shook his head.

"Vanidze's a dog. But I shall not leave. No, don't try to persuade me! I won't go, all the same. I never learned how to play hide-and-seek. It's better not to talk about it. Come and have dinner with me tonight at Anania's."

Chihoshvili pleaded. Paolo, however, was no longer paying any attention. Leaning out of the window, he shouted :

"Hey, friend, bring it along in here! And the freshest you have..."

Spreading out a sheet of newspaper, he sliced a large fragrant melon, smelled it, shook the seeds out carefully and, handing half of it to Chihoshvili, began eating it bite by bite.

"Those Balzac heroes lived well : loud, ambitious, with a bang! Well, and now I've got to dress!"

He pulled out a fragment of a mirror from underneath a pile of newspapers, breathed on it, then wiped it with his sleeve. He shaved himself with the greatest care. His fingers smoothed down his cheek, as he deftly, and a bit coquettishly, guided the razor along. But while soaping his chin, he suddenly became lost in thought. The hand with the brush remained poised in the air, as though it had been on Sossy's, the barber's, signboard. He continued thinking aloud :

"Do you know, Chihoshvili, they say your moustache goes on growing after you die. How stupid it all is!"

Chihoshvili did not answer. He muttered, with a loud sigh :

"I tell you, Paolo, you must go! Go, quick!"

But Paolo already had recovered his self-possession. He finished shaving. He dresses quickly. He fumbles for a minute, selecting a tie. Which shall it be : the Turkish foulard, or the lilac one with the yellow dots ? He picks a red foulard with white stripes.

They went out together, but separated immediately. Chihoshvili was in a hurry to be about his business, while Paolo had taken it into his head to go to the "bazar"; for this was more than an ordinary day for him. He did not miss a single face or signboard. He smiled at the carriers who, pillowed on their saddles, were drowsing at the street corners, and he smiled at the nice water-melons. Passing along the narrow aisles of the bazar, he dilated his nostrils as joyfully as a bloodhound. The smell of leather, sheep's fat and tarragon buoyed up his spirits. He loved Tiflis—there was no getting out of that. Here he had been born, here he had lived his thirty-seven years, as simple in their flower-like unfolding as those merry drawings on the walls of cellars, where wild panthers, milder than kittens, are to be seen and men with bull's horns, full of "kahetin" wine, in their hands.

He stopped in at a jeweller's he knew. For a long time he examined a Daghestan rifle, shaking his head disapprovingly : Ai, ai, ai ! trash for fools ! The jeweller, with a sly smile, pulled out a dagger from the box.

"Here, if you like... Here is one made for you."

Paolo began admiring the fine workmanship. Yes, that was a dagger ! He patted the thick-lipped jeweller on the shoulder :

"No cash... In the spring, maybe..."

Queer Paolo ! Hasn't he understood Chihoshvili's words ? He smiles, and his large horse-teeth glitter in the sun like a Persian necklace. He then goes up to the shoemaker Michael and proceeds to give him a scare : "Hands up, you rich old huckster, you !" They both laugh. The young simpleton from the cheese-factory laughs, too, as he stands there on one leg like a stork,

THIS QUARTER

waiting for Michael to mend his heel. The shop has a tarry, sweaty smell. Michael invites Paolo to have some grapes.

"Well, do you want your hoofs mended?"

"No, I'll wear them for another three years."

Boy maize-sellers are bawling. Two cars have collided in the narrow street, and the drivers are swearing at each other, but their abuse is as sweet as golden muscat.

It was becoming hot. Paolo went up toward the main street. On the way, he stopped at almost every kiosk that had fruit syrups on display. He gazed with awe, like a child, on the slender goblets filled with the many-colored syrups. He hesitated between orange and purple, and ended by trying them all : the cornel was there, the almond, and the grenadine. The syrup was iced, and Paolo half shut his eyes from pleasure. What could be sweeter on a sultry day? A Balzac heroine? A leather love-amulet? A quick, asthmatic sort of death? And Paolo—remembering the stearin-stained volume, was sad for a moment : Nina... of course, he had to say good-bye to Nina! But in a second, he was smiling once more, for a fat Armenian woman, who looked like a fish, was rolling towards him, scarcely able to move her short stumps; and in her woven net was fish from the bazar.

A queer lot, these Armenians! Why are they so fond of fish! And Paolo went on, laughingly. He had to bow at every step now. The men on the corners were all good friends of his, boon companions. Who was there Paolo did not know? He shook hands with officers, poets and cigarette-vendors. He had a pleasant word for all. With Nivadze, he spoke of the dancer, Tamara, and then of the cunning Englishman; Nivadze was a lady's man and a diplomat. But he merely tickled the stout Nashvili's stomach, and groaned caressingly, "Hot, ah!"

Paolo invited some of them to have dinner at Anania's : "Come along, there will be music." A few were aston-

ished : what sort of feast was this ? Then, Paolo would reply, with a cunningly naive look in his eyes : "It's my name-day."

Suddenly, he saw Vanidze, yes, that very Vanidze of whom Chihoshvili had spoken. Vanidze was walking along, deep in thought. He was swinging his portfolio, and without looking where he was going, bumped into Paolo. Had it not been for this, Paolo probably would have passed him by. He would not have stopped Vanidze : why distress himself or him ? for Vanidze, after all, was Paolo's nephew, and they had gone boar-hunting together more than once, in those days when Noy Vanidze had managed to get along without a portfolio, and Paolo was not in the habit of scribbling crazy notes. But what was to be done now ? Vanidze, on the run, swung his portfolio plump into Paolo's side, and Paolo, forgetful of all historic events, laughed out good-naturedly :

"A head-on collision ! Well, how's life treating you, Noy ?"

Vanidze was painfully embarrassed, and at a loss to conceal the fact. Paolo ! The one person he did not want to meet today ! Friendship, good times, love of drink, the same girls, the same stars—all this was a tie that bound. But Vanidze was the slave of an idea, hot, dry, dull, like the eyes of a woman who is charming but no longer young, and who is taking leave of a lover fickle as the wind. That was why Vanidze did not embrace Paolo, nor, on the other hand, did he run away. Instead, he remarked :

"Good day, Paolo. I'm in a hurry, on business."

It would have seemed that they, after such a chance meeting, would have parted. But Paolo is so merry today, so full of good will to the world, that he will not let go Vanidze's hand.

"I've been aching to see you, Noy ! How long is it since we saw each other last ? Yes, four months already.

THIS QUARTER

And you are always busy now : business, business. Ah, Noy, Noy, do you remember how we spent the night in the tavern at Passa-ur, where the blind Tartars sang us some stupid song about a blind sultana, until we could have wept ? That was long ago ! No, wait ! We only meet once in an age, and right away, it's good bye ? Busy ? Then come and dine at Anania's. It's my name-day today. You don't believe me ? You're a queer fellow ! Have you made a note of it ? You'll come ? Be sure, you don't go back on us..."

What led Paolo to invite his mortal enemy to Anania's ? It may have been for no reason at all ; for he had invited many. Well, they had met, had recalled old times—they had spent more than one night in Passa-ur—well, and so he had invited him to come along. Perhaps, too, he had something in the back of his head. Was it that he desired amid the foliage and the mist of wine, to look once more into Destiny's dull eyes ?

Vanidze is giving in ; he smiles. Good, he will come to Anania's ! But he must be running along now—he's late as it is. The Commission... the Reports...

Paolo is now crossing a bridge. Rafts are swarming about like ducklings on the Kura. Light-heartedness has given way to thoughtfulness. That is probably due to the river. Water, be it the sea or the finest of fine rain, teaches man severity and silence. Paolo's eyes are now sad and beautiful. I have seen such eyes on old mules. Paolo does not want to die. He loves these houses by the Kura, the hills and the vines, Balzac novels and bright-colored neckties, and Nina's feet, tiny toy-like feet, which cause even the old carriers to prophesy wonderingly : "Ech, dear, you are going to take a tumble !" He loves the magic nonsense of life.

He comes to a stop. About him are sheep with branded backs, a staid old car, a cartload of brushwood, the heat, and an intrusive song. Then, Paolo arrogantly begins to declaim French verses. He loves that language,

perhaps because he has never heard it. It is the language of imaginary heroes. In it, one could easily converse with Nina's photographs, with the rafts on the Kura, with oneself. He repeats some verses about a ship. A buzz gradually fills his ears. He is no longer thinking of Tiflis, nor of Nina's feet, nor of death. He is swimming.

But here is Anania's garden. An end to philosophizing, Paolo! Today, you are alive and merry. You have invited your friends to dinner. Paolo no longer hears the creaking of the riggings. Picking out the garden's coolest bower, he has a long discussion with Anania about the food with which he is to regale his cherished guests. Trout, chicken, and, of course, "shashlyk", and fried cheese. And also, a grilled steak, perhaps? And a dozen fragrant melons? And wine? Anania must not be sparing. For Paolo knows that he has, hidden in his cellar, the wonderful Napareuli. Why mix it with sour water!

"Today, I'm going to have a great feast, Anania. You will have to split yourself. Bring on the Napareuli."

All of them came, even Vanidze. Seeing the latter, some frowned. Why had Vanidze been invited? You couldn't breathe free in his presence. But Paolo's good spirits were equal to the occasion. They had not finished with the "shashlyk", when the stout Nashvili started embracing Vanidze. "To the health of our friend, Paolo!" Chihoshvili alone was unable to reconcile himself to Paolo's strange whim. He did not care to look at Vanidze. Remarking that the heat had given him a nose-bleed, he went away, in spite of Paolo's efforts to detain him. As he left, he called Paolo to one side :

"In case you change your mind, I'll be waiting for you at Vassa all evening. Remember, the machine is ready. Well, my friend, good bye!"

As he said this, he kissed Paolo sadly on the lips.

THIS QUARTER

When he came back to his guests, Paolo looked pale and grim.

"What is the matter with you, Paolo?"

"Nothing at all! It's the heat! Well, I love Chihoshvili, anyway; he's not a man; he's a lion."

In a moment's time, Paolo had mastered his mood. It was his place to give the toast. He was magnificent and eloquent, giving each of the banqueters his due. And though there were many friends, many bottles, though the Napareuli made one heavy in the head, and the heat did not let up, Paolo rattled on merrily; he seemed to be inspired. He praised the poet, Machradze, for his music, more piercing than all the words in the world, and he went on to compare Machradze's verses to the silence of a mountain morning, when a lost shepherd's hopeless laugh is at once a marvelous and a terrible thing. He observed of the stout Nashvili that, just as the stone branches on the walls of the Mtsetsky ruins warmed the lonely and the queer with their eternal wine, so everything in Tiflis, even the typewriters, would perish without Nashvili's imagination. Ha, ha! He proclaimed the friendship of one, the bravery of another. He drank the health of old Anania, who kept rosy trout striped like the dawn, in place of ordinary smelly herrings. He drank to the health of all.

But now, the anxious moment is drawing near. Paolo must lift the goblet in a toast to his nephew, Noy Vanidze. All are smiling, grown sodden with wine, praise and good nature : how they all loved each other! Large bottles, platters with fragrant herbs, empty spits strew the table; and Anania is already bringing in the melons. Their aroma diffuses a meditative sadness. That perfume changes even the stout Nashvili into a silly lover. And there is music, besides! The "zurna" sobs of Nina, of many Ninas, of all Ninas, no, of one only. The notes circle like flies, buzz, sting,—there is no escaping them—chase them away and they come back. The melody

does not seem to change : it is always the same, today, yesterday, in the cradle. It is easy to grow mellow here! But Paolo is rising, brushing away the flies from his forehead; for there was an endless number of them in the garden. He shouts to the "zurna" player : "One moment my lad!" although the "zurna" player is as old as his song. Paolo begins :

"I propose now that we drink the health of our friend, Vanidze. You all know that he is my enemy, but we will not speak of that today. Today, we will drink and laugh. I knew Vanidze when he was a mere lad. Even then, he was a good shot, and he spoke the truth, straight to your face, without blushing. He's the sort that kill panthers or fall down from high cliffs. This morning, I said in my heart : Vanidze's a dog. I ask your pardon, Noy. You are a good man, hot-tempered and as dry as fate itself. I drink you a long life; many years, and this is my last glass—for you, Noy!"

There is a sound of laughter and a tinkle of glass. Paolo embraces his nephew, pensively and caressingly. As before, Vanidze's eyes remain dull and oppressive. A silence falls. The banqueters are becoming uncomfortable. Then, remembering himself in time, the old man takes up the "zurna"; and once more, the stifling notes swarm round the banqueters. The guests now are grateful; these sounds without words tell of great and important events, of what has happened but a moment back in the sight of all, amid the shrunken bushes and the greasy plates.

The stars were already twinkling when they finished dining; and gazing up at the stars, Paolo walked along the humped street to his Nina. He did not stay long with her—time enough only to present her with a bunch of autumn flowers, and to kiss her lips, which held a sweet, lacerating fragrance, like the golden muscat of the shoemaker in the bazar.

THIS QUARTER

"Good-bye, Nina! I shall, perhaps, go away very far. For that does not depend on me. People here are like ships—and there are storms. I remember some nice French verses on the subject. But I do not care to talk about verses now. What feet you have, Nina! And don't be offended. I couldn't have done anything else. For I have only one adviser—my heart. Well, then, good-bye, my love!"

He went home. He did not bother to undress, but only lit a candle-end, and opening the volume of Balzac, began to read attentively. He did not lay aside the book till the very minute when a sullen knock echoed up from below. Then, he cried out :

"Come in, the door is not locked!"

None of his friends saw him after that. Two months later, Vanidze, meeting the poet Machradze, observed :

"Whatever you may say about it, he died a wonderful death, Paolo!"

"He stood there beaming on all the world. For one second only, he half shut his eyes, and cried out in French : 'How stupid it all is, that it should go on growing after death!' I do not know what he was talking about, do you? Trees, perhaps? And then, he smiled again, and even said good-bye to me. He said, 'Good-bye, Noy. I did not deceive you then. I knew you were going to kill me; and still, I was merry. And even now, I stand here laughing. Do you know what this is? This, brother, is a merry death!' I was so terrified at these words that I shouted to the others : 'Shoot quick, you bastards!' And he lay there smiling, just the same."

Having told his story, Vanidze covered his eyes with his hands and shuddered.

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey.)

MAYAKOVSKY IN HEAVEN

by

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Stop !

*Of a wearied body
the burden
and of things
I throw down on a cloud.*

How propitious the places I've never yet visited.

*I look around
This plain then
smoothly licked down—
this is then the heaven so praised?
We'll see, we'll see !*

*It glistened,
and glittered,
and sparkled,
and a rustle crept—
a cloud
or the bodiless
glided quietly by*

"If the beauty pledges her love"

*Here,
in the heavenly firmament
to hear the music of Verdi?*

THIS QUARTER

*A chink in the cloud
I peep through
—angels are singing
Angels live importantly
Importantly*

*One quitted the throng
and so amiably
rent the drowsed numbness :
“Well, Vladimir Vladirovitch
how do you like
the abyss?”
And as amiably I reply
“A charming abyss
The abyss—what a rapture !”*

*Irritation at first :
not a single
corner for one,
no tea,
and for tea no papers
Gradually I grew into the ways of the heavens
I emerge with others
and search for newcomers.
“Ah, you !”
Joyful embrace
“Welcome, Vladimir Vladimirovitch !”
“Welcome, Abraham Vassilievitch !”
“Well, how did you end?
Not too badly?
Are you comfortable?”*

Good little jests, eh ?

*Grew to like it.
Stood by the gates.
And if*

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

acquaintance
came, after dying,
conducted them,
showing them in the order of constellations
the mighty make up of the worlds.
The central station of all phenomena,
a confusion of levers, wires and handles
Pull here
—and the worlds will pause idle—
pull here
—and they'll spin faster and steeper
“Give a turn”— they beg—
and so that the world should die out
What do they want?
To flood fields with blood?
I laugh at their warmth
“The devil take them!
Let them flood,
I don't care!”
The chief store of all powerful rays
A place for throwing burnt stars away.
An ancient sketch
—the author unknown—
the first unsuccessful plan of a whale.

Seriously
Busily
Some mend clouds,
some add heat to the sun in the stove.
All is in terrible order,
at rest,
in rank
No one pushes about
And besides, there is nothing to push.

They were angry at first
“He loiters with nothing to do!”

THIS QUARTER

*For the heart I did it,
but have the bodiless hearts?
I proposed :
"If you wish
I shall spread myself
bodily
on a cloud
and shall contemplate all"
"No,"—they say,—"that does not suit us !"
"Well, doesn't suit—you know best ! My affair
is to offer."*

*The forges of time blow the bellows—
and the new
year
is ready.
Hence
plunges in thunder
the terrible landslide of years.*

*I keep no count of weeks.
We,
preserved in the frames of ages,
we divide not our love for days,
nor change we the names of the loved.*

*To rays of moon on shallows
flows
emotion from the sea in dreams.
As over a southern beach,
only still more numbed,
and over me,
with deep caresses
roll the sea's eternities.*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey.)

LITTLE TALES

by

Feodor Sologub

THE BENT-KNEED ONE

As I was crossing the Nikolaevsky Bridge I met a man with deformed bent knees. It was to be seen that he found it hard to walk, because his knees would not bend, and he was forced to walk in a curious, almost sitting position.

He glanced at me. There was a reproach in his glance. And I understood...

I understood that it was not a dream.

There had been days, accursed days, when I had been also the same bent deformity.

It used to be difficult for me to walk, because my knees were perpetually bent. Sometimes I made terrible exertions over myself, but all the rage of my will could not unbend my legs.

Sometimes when I lay in my bed at night I suddenly felt an infusion of joy and hope. Strength returned to my legs, my will rent the entangling fetters of inertia, and I began to stretch myself out.

But suddenly a quiet groan sounded under my legs—it was as if a shroud fell from my eyes, and all my feelings, benumbed until now, revealed themselves—in order to disclose to me the terrible truth as to the cause of my affliction.

THIS QUARTER

Under my legs lay an infant, fettered to me by some invisible but indissoluble bonds. Always one and the same, he lay there every night, small and unhappy, under my legs, and his heart beat under my legs, and his thin, fragile, pitiful throat was under my legs.

And full of terror, I would hurriedly lift my knees, in order not to crush him, the little one.

But one night, full of agony and shame, after a dark harrowing day, I stretched out my legs in a moment of rage and despair, and suffocated the infant.

And I became upright, like other men.

THE LITTLE RAY IN THE LITTLE CELL

The rays came to the Sun, and began to choose their ways for the day. One ray said :

“I will now go into the court-yard.”

Said another :

“I will take a stroll on Nevsky Prospect.”

Said a third :

“I will take a swim in the river.”

All of them had chosen good places, and were about to scamper off, when the Sun called back to them with a shout :

“Wait a minute, children! There’s still a little place left—a dark little prison cell, where sits a poor prisoner.”

All the rays said plaintively :

“It is damp in the dark little cell, it is dirty in the dark little cell, it smells badly in the dark little cell—we don’t want to go into the dark little cell!”

The Sun caught hold of one little ray by the hair, and said :

“You were up to all sorts of mischief yesterday, you looked into all sorts of forbidden places, now you must stay in the dark little cell if only for five minutes!”

The poor little ray began to cry, but there was nothing

FEODOR SOLOGUB

left to do but to obey the Sun's command. All sour, bad-tempered and shrunken, he remained five minutes with the poor prisoner in the dark little prison cell. But for the poor prisoner even this was a great holiday.

EYES, EYELINGS, STARE-EYES

Once there were dark beautiful Eyes. They would take a glance, and look enigmatically.

There were also grey, mischievous Eyelings. They would flash back and forth all the time and never look straight at anyone.

The Eyes asked :

"Why are you running about ? What are you seeking ?"

The Eyelings began to run and to bustle about; they said :

"Oh, nothing in particular! Just a little, lightly—you can't help it—well, you know yourselves..."

Then there were the dull arrogant Stare-eyes. They would always fix themselves and stare.

The Eyes asked :

"Why are you looking ? What do you see ?"

The Stare-eyes grew angry and shouted :

"How dare you ? Who are you ? And who are we ? We will give it to you!"

The Eyes sought other eyes as beautiful as themselves, did not find them, and so they closed in despair.

THE UNBORN

No one knows what will be.

But there is a place, where the future peers through the skyblue vapors of desire. In this place the unborn yet enjoy their peace. Here everything is serene, soothing

THIS QUARTER

and felicitous. Sorrow is absent, and instead of air there is an atmosphere of pure joyousness, in which the unborn breathe freely.

And no one need leave this land, until he so desires.

There were four souls which in the same instant desired to be born upon our earth.

In the sky-blue vapors of desire there appeared before them our four elements.

One of the Unborn said :

"I love the earth, the soft, the warm, the hard earth."

The second said :

"I love the water, the eternally falling, clear refreshing water."

The third said :

"I love the fire, the merry, bright purifying fire."

The fourth said :

"I love the air, striving in breadth and in height, the light air of life."

So it came to pass.

The first became a miner. One day the shaft fell, and the earth buried him.

The second shed tears, like water, and in the end drowned himself.

The third lost his life in a burning house.

The fourth was hanged.

Pure innocent elements... The folly of those who desire...

Oh, sweet place of non-existence, why should the Will lead us away from thee!

THE LILY AND THE CABBAGE

A lily reared her head in the garden. She was serenely white, and beautiful and proud.

Quietly she addressed herself to the passing wind :

"Have more care. I am the queenly lily, and King

FEODOR SOLOGUB

Solomon himself did not dress as beautifully as I."

Quite close by, in the vegetable garden, grew a she-cabbage.

She overheard the speech of the lily, whereupon she laugh and said :

"This old Solomon was, in my opinion, a mere sans-culotte! How did these ancients dress? They barely covered their nakedness with scant drapery, and imagined that they were robed in the height of fashion. It was I who taught people how to dress, I may safely take credit for the following plan : First, there is the naked stump, upon that goes the first wrap, then a shirt, upon that a jacket, upon the jacket a petticoat, upon the petticoat another petticoat, then another wrap, another shirt, another jacket, another petticoat, then a shawl above and a shawl below and a shawl on each side—until the stump becomes invisible. Now this is both warm and modest."

THE GOLDEN POLE

The boy, Vova, was angry with his father. He said to his nurse :

"When I grow up I will become a general, and I will come to papa's house with a cannon. I will take papa prisoner, and will seat him on top of a pole.

Papa overheard him and said :

"Oh, you wicked boy! What do you mean by saying you will seat papa on a pole? It will hurt papa."

Vova was frightened, and said :

"But don't you see, papa, the pole will be a golden one, it will have the inscription : 'For bravery'."

FUEL

We were feasting. There were many of us. We felt in good spirits. The sun shone through the windows,

THIS QUARTER

the flowers on the table wafted their fragrance—exhaling their last breath for our pleasure, the wines were delicate, sweet and aromatic. Our girl companions were young and laughed like children.

When the feast ended, it came into the mind of one of us to go and see how the magnificent viands, which so gratified our fastidious palates, were prepared.

“Show us the kitchen,” said we, laughing, to our host. “We want to thank your cook.”

The host appeared perturbed. He mumbled something incoherently. His face grew pale. But we, laughing, dragged him along with us. He then smiled a strange smile, and said :

“If you like... But you’ll find it very hot there!”

And we went into the kitchen. The immense oven loomed large in the immense kitchen. The oven was still kept going. The flame was cheerful and bright, and in front of the oven, on the floor, there was piled up an immense heap of big logs, which, for some mysterious reason, were wrapped in linen covers.

And when we asked the cook why this oven was kept going after we had already dined, he said :

“This oven must not stop going for a single instant!”

And his face, lighted up with the red glow of the oven flame, was sullen. We bent down over the logs, which emitted a stench that both shocked and frightened us. Then the cook’s assistants took one of the logs, and threw it into the oven. And we saw that it was a human corpse wrapped up in a shroud. They took it by the head and by the feet and flung it on the bright flame.

We were dumfounded. We stood silently for a long time, and watched the flames consume one corpse after another. And when a new load of wood was brought, a horrifying bundle, tied up with a rope on the back of a robust porter, one of us timidly asked the cook :

“Where do you get this wood?”

The cook replied with a smile :

FEODOR SOLOGUB

"There's plenty of it. More than is needed. They walk past here. Our house porters chop them down!"

THE LITTLE STICK

There is a wonderful little stick in this world—whatever you touch with it becomes at once a dream, and vanishes.

Now if your life does not please you, you can take this little stick, press it against your head—and suddenly you will see that it had all been a dream, and that you shall live once more as from the beginning, and altogether in a new fashion.

And you will forget all that happened earlier in this dream.

That's the sort of wonderful little stick there is in this world.

IDOL AND SUPER-IDOL

Two urchins met in the street, and began to abuse one another. When they got tired abusing one another, they began to boast. One said :

"I have a mother who is as drunk as drunk can be. She's lying on the floor and swearing like a trooper!"

The other said :

"I'm better off. I have no mother! I grew out of the damp of the bath-house!"

"What's marvellous about that?" said the first. "I've sold my gods, and drank up the money!"

"That's nothing!" replied the other. "I too sold my gods, and bought an idol for the money!"

"Bah! And I've stolen my neighbour's super-idol!"

"My idol is a large one and is made of wood. I could smash your head with it!"

THIS QUARTER

“And my idol is made of iron. If I swing it once, you’ll fly into pieces!”

They went to fetch their idol and super-idol. The idol was a wagon shaft, the super-idol was a crow-bar. They began to eat obne another. The blood flowed, and blows resounded on their pates, and still they went on fighting. They were mightily pleased.

(Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.)

POEM

by

Tikhonov

*Fire, bullet, rope and hatchet
Like servants bowed and followed us;
A flood slept in each water-drop,
While mountains grew through smallest stones,
And, in the twig, crushed under foot,
Was turbulence of black-armed woods.*

*And falsehood ate with us and drank,
And bells from simple habit boomed;
Our coins had spent their weight and ring,
And deadmen frightened children not.
'Twas then that we first came to learn
Words splendid, bitter and austere.*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey.)

POEM

by

Tikhonov

*We have unlearned to give to beggars,
To breathe the salt deep of the sea,
To meet the dawn and buy in shops
For copper trash the gold of lemons.*

*To us ships only come by chance,
From habit rails bear their loads past;
Count over the people of my land—
How many dead will rise on call?*

*But all triumphant is our scorn,
A broken knife's no good for work,
But with this black and broken knife
Immortal pages have been cut.*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey.)



Drawing by *Marc Chagall*.

TALES

by

Efim Zozulya

THE "AVIATOR"

It happened shortly before the Revolution.

In a wretched little hotel there arrived a corpulent, lymphatic traveller, who was no longer young. He was attired in a fur cape, a worn leather coat and tan boots. He booked a room.

He presented a passport which gave the name of Ivan Khobotov, and when asked what his profession was he answered weightily :

"Aviator."

He had occupied his room for a week, in the course of which he drank and ate and slept a great deal, played on a guitar, brought in women from the street, and in the intervals he paced the corridor in a yellow waistcoat with red buttons and shouted at the servant.

At the end of the week he was presented with a bill.

When he saw the bill, he appeared astonished and asked :
"What's this ?"

The servant answered him :

"The bill, sir!"

"What bill ?!" he cried in a rage. "Why a bill ?! Am I running away ?! Are you going to present me, an *aviator*, with a bill every few days ?... What do you call this ? Are you making sport of me, or don't you trust me ? How dare you not trust me, me, an *aviator*!"

The servant left him. The manager came, a tired old man in a frock-coat.

THIS QUARTER

"This is an outrage!" the aviator shouted at him. "Do you consider me an ordinary patron?! A transient? Why, I intend to remain another couple of months at least. That is, until the aeroplanes arrive. The idea of being pressed like that!"

The manager left him. The aviator went on living at the hotel, playing on his guitar and singing in a high-pitched voice, bringing women in, and shouting.

No one liked it, but they were patient.

No one found it possible to speak to him. On the least provocation, he raised his voice, and, as with a short stout whip, there came down on their heads : the word "aviator!"

When he ran short of money, he seized the old manager by the lapel of his coat, and said :

"Old man, let's have twenty-five roubles! When the aeroplanes come, you shall have the money back!"

If the old man was slow, he said with a disdainful grimace full of incredulity :

"What? You don't trust me, me, an *aviator*? An *aviator*?"

The word "aviator" electrified the listener, cast a spell upon him.

The maid-servant whispered :

"The aviator is sleeping!" "The aviator won't like it!" "The aviator is singing!"

The whole hotel was in the power of the magical, wholly incomprehensible, and potent fascination of the word "aviator."

Then, suddenly, there arrived at the hotel a new stranger who, running into the aviator on the stairs, raised such a wild shout and flung himself upon him, like a hungry leopard.

"Wretch! You here! I want my money back! A-ha! I've caught you at last!"

The aviator tried to run away, but he was caught and forced to return to his room. A bill was immediately

presented to him, while the old manager became alive, appeared much younger, and said in a brisk voice :

"Money, please! You've got to pay! Money! Money! Money! Money!"

But the aviator had no money to pay with. And it turned out that he was not an aviator, but a discharged circus attendant.

"The aeroplanes will soon be here..." he muttered, without conviction.

But his words no longer made an impression.

It was the end.

The atmosphere of the hotel became charged with a cruel current, and a small surly attendant who stood behind the aviator suddenly struck him on the back of his neck with a tray. Another attacked him in front. They pushed him out into the dark corridor and began to beat him...

They beat him a long time, with enjoyment; but the chief thing was that everyone managed to get a turn. Even the cook's assistants, mere boys, whom the "aviator" had never laid his eyes on, joined in with blows of their thin cruel fists.

...In this dark corridor of the wretched hotel a revolution of sorts had taken place : they beat a human being not so much out of spite as to free themselves from the incomprehensible power of a new word.

"TANGLEFOOT"

I pick up the sheet covered with struggling flies, and I study it. I study it intently, with an unaccountably poignant, almost morbid interest...

The sheet of "Tanglefoot" was bought the day before. They are not many flies on it—perhaps thirty, no more... But how many exertions were made on this tiny but most cruel of graveyards; how many monstrous, unutterable pre-deathly exertions!...

THIS QUARTER

In the corner, near the floral design ("Tanglefoot", like all graves, is for some reason decorated with flowers), a young fly is dismally perishing. This fly is an exception. Unlike the others, it is not struggling or making an effort to save itself. It is merely looking distraught and stupid... A narrow long spine, a tiny head, pitifully thin legs, askew and hopelessly stupid, it sticks fast there in the cruel sticky liquid...

It seems that the hopelessness of its position is not wholly clear to it. It stands motionlessly and stupidly looks at the paper. Of what is it thinking? Does it know that it can never leave that spot?

Apparently, it doesn't. Perhaps it thinks the whole thing is a jest.

It is a sad spectacle. It is much more interesting to watch its perishing neighbour.

This one is small, squat, strong and vindictive. It hasn't any desire to die a random death... Deliberately, with method, calculating in its movements, it pulls its forelegs out of the sticky mess, propping itself up on the hind legs, and, in spite of exertions, remaining in the same place...

Its energy is terrific... its tirelessness monstrous... All the same, it will perish...

The sticky sheet is more clever than all its exertions and all its indefatigable bustle...

A third fly, having fallen onto "Tanglefoot", is clearly aware of the gravity of its plight. It is evident that it is more practical than the others. It is suspicious and mistrustful, and knows life better... It felt at once that this was no joke... And it struggles desperately. It turns its head this way and that, beats with its wings, buzzes ceaselessly and pitifully, but all in vain...

"Buzz on," it is thinking, "buzz on! Much sense there is in your buzzing! All the same, no one will take pity on you, no one will free you from the sticky sheet... Once caught in this mess, you are lost! Why, then, humiliate yourself for nothing?"

And because its thoughts are so shrewd and proud, its posture is majestic... Motionlessly it lies, with heroic submissiveness sinking into the sticky mess and only occasionally flourishing a wing, as it were a diminutive standard...

Elsewhere, in various postures, other flies are struggling.

They all present a terrible appearance... They struggle awkwardly, use their legs desperately, only to get deeper into the mire; but still they go on working, quite uselessly, against inevitable death...

Yet another fly... All dishevelled and ruffled. Light-mindedly detaching itself from another fly in the air, and dashing itself, the devil knows why, against the "Tangle-foot", it doesn't in the least want to die... Why? It tears itself this way and that, as in a fierce rage, and, glancing around, beats its ruffled wings; it seems to say: "What have I gotten into?" It has the expression of one who hasn't got used to making such a fuss, that it is a tiresome business...

With all its light-minded distraught look it appears to say that it hasn't the least desire to die so stupidly...

And I cannot deny myself the pleasure of mentally making mock of it:

"What, you don't want to, my dear? You don't like it? What's to be done, darling? Cry or not, as you will, you'll die all the same. Even cleverer flies than you die. And not only flies, but also people. They die by the million on just such sheets of paper, which they like to call 'fields of battle'. And believe me, dear, they die just as senselessly and inevitably as you!"

But the fly doesn't want to understand this. It is indifferent to the fly-like lot of human beings. It is interested only in its own fly-like frail existence. And I am irritated by the barefaced egoism of this frail worthless creature...

The center of the sheet presents the same spectacle. There a fat vindictive fly with a green hairy back and

THIS QUARTER

shaggy legs is struggling in agony. It is buzzing so loudly that from all corners of the sheet many half-dead flies, in token of understanding and sympathy, weakly beat with their as yet free wings against the paper.

But this doesn't satisfy the fly...

It isn't enough that they should all show their intense common appreciation... It is evident that the fly doesn't share the view that even death can be beautiful in this world...

Why shouldn't one make mock of such boundless, senseless effrontery?

And mentally I address myself to the fly, with deep conviction :

"No, my dear. Human beings know how to perish more nobly. More quietly. Without buzzing, without this idiotic struggling. They die simply, and often—proudly.

...Ten minutes later the fly grave-yard no longer interests me...

I feel somewhat ashamed of this diversion...

Languidly I return "Tanglefoot" to its former place, on the window-sill. The desperate struggle of the flies for life remains as before the fateful function of its smooth, glistening, ruthlessly mortal desert.

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE TOWARDS MANKIND

I. The Programme of the School and Its Director.

In the programme of the School of Love Towards Mankind there were outlined numerous courses of a practical nature concerned with the technique of goodness, respect, compassion, as well as of sincerity.

The attendance at the lectures was considerable, notwithstanding the fact that the fees charged were by no means small. It was evident that the public had at last got thoroughly tired of hatred and killing, and that the

soul, hardened by wars, revolutions, pogroms and fighting of all kinds, very earnestly yearned for peace.

Admission to the School, in view of the circumstance that the full complement was guaranteed, was subject to inquiries and formalities. The management reserved the right to refuse applicants if they showed little aptitude for learning quickly love toward their own kind.

The pupils of the School included former brigands, provocators, warriors, army bullies, sergeant-majors, members of punitive expeditions, hooligans, hangmen, petty blood-thirsty men of a dark era; there was even among them a former Minister of Internal Affairs of some petty State lately wiped out of existence.

The soul of the School was its Director.

He was considered a very good man, or, as a member of the faculty expressed it, a real technician of goodness.

His dark face, painfully illumed by one bulging reddish eye (the other had been knocked out by the butt of a gun in a petty skirmish with Bulgarians), also bore the expression of deep tenderness and magnetic amiability.

He himself was so impressed and overjoyed with this that seeing one day how the instructors were struggling to correct the hopeless expression of one of the pupils, he intervened and said :

"Well, just look! What could be simpler? These two furrows near the nose should be curved. The face then would be good and pleasant to look at. What could be more simple? Just look at me!"

And, satisfied with himself, he turned his amiable, good face to the auditors.

2. The Collision of the Director With a Pupil, Culminating Quite Peacefully.

This simple pedagogical method once called forth a perfectly scandalous dispute, which was not such a rare thing at the School.

THIS QUARTER

One of the pupils, formerly a petty provocator, and now sincerely desirous of becoming "a fine man" (as he put it in his petition when he entered the School), but still at this point a rude, envious man, said vindictively to the Director :

"You are so good because you have but a single eye. A human being with two eyes can't be so good. Where in the devil should he get good wrinkles ? It was a good thing for you when the Bulgarians unscrewed one of your eyes—that's what gives you all those extra wrinkles. But you are trying to make ordinary people good and fine, and you get your money in advance!"

The rude speech vexed the Director. His single red eye for an instant darkened.

If this had only happened ten years before, he would have then and there helped the provocator become a fine man. It was done simply in those days. He would have at once torn his head off, basing his action on the demonstrated truth that a man without a head is insured against evil.

But now, in an age of good and peace, in an age when goodness was more important than literacy, when love and peace were put at the foundation of every existence, he instantly cast from his eye the malignant shadow, and, with a smile full of charm, said :

"My brother (this was the accepted form in the School), my brother, you are mistaken! Even the ordinary man can be good. It's only necessary to want to be good. One should work for individual self-control. The great moralist, Leo Tolstoy, preached this, and quite successfully, in many of his works. You must be patient, my brother. You must follow your studies diligently, and you'll become what you want to be, a fine man!"

3. The Director's Speech Supplemented by the Humane Woman Pupil.

"Mr. Director!" resounded a woman's penetrating

voice at this moment. "Please allow me to supplement your much-respected words!"

"With pleasure!"

"I find everything you've said excellent. Of course, even with two eyes, a human being can be good. This idea expressed by you is quite correct in every way. But I should like to add that the expression which brother-provocator has allowed himself, that your eye has been 'unscrewed', is a very incorrect one. By using such a word, he humiliates the nature of humanity. You may unscrew the legs of a writing-table, the screws of a machine and so forth, but a human eye may be knocked out, gouged out, or cut out, and that is a great misfortune, concerning which improper comments are not generally allowed.

"Thank you, sister! Thank you! Everything you've said is quite true. You speak very humanely."

When the dispute was at an end, the Director went up to the woman pupil and asked friendlyly :

"When did you enter my School?"

"Today, Mr. Director."

"So, so. I thought yours was a new face. Do let me know why you entered the School of Love Towards Mankind? As it is, you are so young, humane and exquisite! Your face tells of your boundless love for life and humanity. Forgive me, but to ask such questions of the pupils is one of my rights."

The new pupil was indeed young and exquisite and but little resembled the morose foster-sons and daughters of the School.

4. The Tragic Fate of the Humane Woman.

"Oh, Mr. Director!" she answered, with flushed face. "The exterior is often deceptive. Who doesn't know it? I am only twenty-five years old, but as you will see, I know something about life, and I am incurably vindictive and am repelled by human beings. I am the daughter

THIS QUARTER

of an ordinary citizen. Eight years ago, at the time of the last Revolution, the peasants burned down our house, murdered my father, killed my brother before my eyes, and savagely violated my mother and me. It was only by the greatest exertions that I managed to pull myself together, and with the aid of a cavalry general, whom I married, I succeeded in putting down the village, and in killing off some of the wretches and hanging the others. But what is sadder still, the cavalry general turned out to be a wretch himself, and I had to dispose of him too. (There was a pause.) I spent three years in prison, and it was only thanks to the last amnesty that I was set free. Please understand what my soul is suffering. I want to marry, but it's a terrible thing to have to spend a night in the same room with me. The dead cavalry general affirmed that more often than anyone else. My whole hope, Mr. Director, lies in your School.

The Director reflected a while, then said :

"Your hope is well based. Learn, sister, love toward human beings. The horrors of the late wars and revolutions shall not be repeated."

5. The Doubts of the Old Soldier, Who Wanted to be a Tender Human Being.

The studies, in the meanwhile, continued.

A lesson on "Tenderness and Heartiness" was in progress.

The teacher—a lean, mole-eyed and very earnest individual—listened to the doubts expressed by one of the pupils, a former soldier, the son of a butcher, whose whole youth passed in incessant battling with the Turks. He disliked them sincerely, and killed them as nonchalantly as his father killed cattle.

The soldier was of athletic build. He spoke in a hoarse bass, intently projecting his heavy lips, from which there hung dirty-red clumps of moustaches.

"Today I went up the stairs of a house," he said gloomily. "A cat was sitting at the door of one of the flats. When I came, it looked at me, then at the door and opened its mouth. How should I have acted in this instance if I wanted to be a tender-hearted man? For you teach us to be tender not only towards human beings of all nations but also towards animals."

"Quite true. But tell me, please," asked the teacher, with some concern, "for what reason, do you think, the cat sat before the door, and looked at you, and upward at the door?"

"And it opened its mouth!" the soldier added.

"Yes. And it opened its mouth too?"

"May I answer?" called out one of the pupils.

"Please!"

"There's no doubt of it. The cat wanted to enter the flat, but couldn't ring, and with its glance begged passers-by to do it."

"And did the cat mew?" the teacher asked.

"No. It only opened its mouth and pitifully stuck out its little red tongue."

6. Judgment on the Episode and the Worthy Answer of the Pedagogue.

Everyone was interested.

There was an outpouring of responses.

"Why, of course! It was tired of mewing!"

"It was too lazy to mew, knowing by experience that no one would help."

"Anyhow, he should have rung the bell! By all means!"

"It was heartless not to have done it!"

"Poor creature! It probably developed ferocious habits among human beings."

"Not so loud! The wretch probably simulated suffering!" whiningly shouted the former Minister of Internal

THIS QUARTER

Affairs. "It was even too lazy to mew. It's all nonsense! When a human being is suffering he has to cry, groan or shout, so it might be clear to everyone that he is suffering. And a cat should mew. I shouldn't think of helping it! It is only simulated suffering. It was cheating. If you want anything from a human being, then cry, you wretch, and if you can't cry, then mew at least, dirty beast!"

"I agree!"

"I also agree! Bravo!"

"Gentlemen! I herewith state that, generally speaking, a cat is an unsympathetic beast. Eight years ago, at the time of war, revolution and hunger, I knew a cat that was so starved that it actually grabbed money from the table with its paws. I saw it myself. The criminal tendencies of this beast are quite evident."

"What a mean lie! Even a stupid lie! Where did you hear such a fairy tale?"

"A fairy tale? I tell you I saw it myself! How dare you doubt me?"

"Enough!" the teacher interrupted them. "Enough! The floor belongs to me!"

"Go ahead, please!"

The pedagogue clearly and objectively took up the various points from the opinions expressed and demonstrated that a tender-hearted man, regardless of such or such tendencies of this particular creature, should have helped the cat, whether it mewed or not. Even if one should admit the unheard-of assertion that the cat was afflicted with avariciousness, even then it should not be deprived of its right to expect sympathy from human beings.

And if the cat simulated suffering, then it is a well-known scientific fact that even a human being simulating, say madness, is already half mad; that is to say, the simulation of helplessness is in a certain degree also helplessness and suffering.

Thus the matter was settled.

But many pupils were dissatisfied.

"Mr. Teacher, allow me to leave the room!" said a morose man, raising two fingers.

"For what reason?"

The pupils were allowed to leave the lecture room for a number of reasons, and among them was one designed to permit them to have an outlet for their spite.

For the gratification of this need a special room was arranged. It was called the Room of Spite.

7. The Room of Spite at the School of Love

Towards Mankind.

The Room of Spite was lined with brown leather, and along the walls there had been erected leather effigies of human beings. Among them were effigies of dignitaries of various lands, Tsars, cabinet ministers, revolutionaries, millionaires, proletarians and other characteristic types of all nationalities.

In the centre of the room there was a large effigy of a Jew, standing somewhat awry and mutilated by many fierce blows. This effigy suffered indignities more often than any other. Its nose had been cut off, so had its ears, fingers—indeed, all parts which allowed themselves to be thus dealt with—and there was an immense gash across the stomach, from which protruded a dirty mass.

The effigy of the Armenian also presented a pitiful appearance, although there was but one Turk participating in the courses of the School. This Turk, misplaced in Europe, was a very kind man and a good comrade; but this leather Armenian he beat most ferociously, frequently running back only to run forward again for a fresh onslaught, and jumping on him, preferably on the head or the stomach, with both feet.

Another effigy to be beaten properly was the effigy of a Negro, who had been provided with a hard curly head,

THIS QUARTER

red lips and white teeth. His chief assailants were two tall lean wiry men, who were very cold-blooded and cruel.

They both represented themselves as Americans, but once, by mere chance, as often happens in such cases, it was revealed that only one of them was a genuine American. It was disclosed that the American's enraged partner in the humiliation of the effigy of the negro had never been in America, and only joined in the beating of the effigy because he was beholden to the American for his material support and wanted to please his patron.

When the truth was revealed, the Director was dumb-founded and gave the cheat a severe lecture.

In general, the Room of Spite, was to the Director the frequent cause of moral distress.

Taking it to consideration the spiritual condition of his pupils, their early training and hard past, the Director had fitted up the Room of Spite to serve as an outlet. He had hoped at first to divert the current of malice from living beings to inanimate objects, such as the effigies; afterwards, when the pupils will have been prepared by a humane education to root out the heritage of the past, he had designed a final series of lectures predisposing them to love and pity the effigies themselves.

Unfortunately, even the mere preparations for this course were attended with difficulties.

8. The Lecture of Love and Pity Toward the Effigies, and the Soviet of Pedagogues.

Quite unexpectedly during a meeting of the Soviet of pedagogues, when the question of including these lectures in the programme of the School was being discussed, the Director came into collision with two of the pedagogues.

"We don't even understand what you are talking about, Mr. Director!" the pedagogues exclaimed simultaneously. "What is it all about? What do you take us

for? Do you actually expect us to deliver lectures of love towards effigies?!... Are you making mock of us, or is it a joke? As it is we use every ounce of our energies to inspire your brigands with some sort of affection for living beings..."

"I must ask you not to express yourself in such terms of my pupils!" the Director sternly interrupted him.

"We will say worse things!" retorted the pedagogues hotly. "What are you thinking of, the deuce take it! You are not so rich as to pay for the labour of training people to love and pity effigies!"...

The Director's single eye became filled with blood.

"Gentlemen, don't quarrel!" intervened an old esteemed pedagogue. "On the one hand, your respected colleagues are incorrect in affirming that the proposed preachment of love and pity for effigies is making mock of them. On the other, your esteemed Director is also incorrect in assuming that the pupils of the School are sufficiently ripe for such a lofty love and pity. The whole thing is a mistake. Love and pity for effigies is an expression of the highest ideal of cultured humanity, to which we must aspire, but which, unfortunately, is far from realization. Love towards an effigy is the ultimate goal on the road of love towards the neighbour and the stranger. How little of the way we have accomplished towards this goal!"

"Allow me to add something to that, much-esteemed colleague!" another pedagogue interrupted him. "I want to go further and say that the proposal of our much-esteemed Director is somewhat cruel. If on the one hand, science and reason are depriving humankind of love towards chimeras, so also, on the other hand, it is cruel to deprive mankind of its hatred of effigies. Gentlemen, shouldn't one have a little pity for the human soul too?!"

In such a manner, it was decided to postpone the lecture on love and pity for effigies for an indefinite period.

THIS QUARTER

9. A Sad Accident.

A pale lean young man came to the School and begged to be admitted at once to the final and highest class.

"Why?" inquired the Director, eyeing him narrowly.

"It's this way," the young man explained, "I already love human beings sufficiently, and I don't ask for much. Something very small indeed (the young man indicated a quarter of an index finger on his right hand,—I need just that much! The Lord alone knows why."

"Have you ever murdered anyone?" the Director asked.

"Heaven forbid! Never!" said the young man, showing a horror-stricken face.

"Have you ever hit anyone?"

"Almost not at all."

"What do you mean : 'almost not at all'?"

"Don't you see, I was a clown in a circus and I struck my partner Teek across his cheeks and head."

"You don't call that hitting anyone? Why, everyone knows that circus blows are never real!"

"Quite true, Mr. Director. But Teek, in order to make the public laugh better, gave me real blows, which hurt, and I replied in kind. And so our appearance before the public was always a successful one."

"Good. And now what do you want?"

"What I want is that someone should take pity on me, if only a little. Teek was on the make and never took any pity on me when he struck me across my cheeks."

The Director did not catch the last phrase, for, as often happens in public institutions, someone came in on urgent business and caused a diversion.

The Director said absently to the young man :

"Very well! You are accepted. Step into the cashier's office!"

The young man, tearing himself away from his place and clapping his hands out of sheer joy, ran into the

cashier's office, and with nervous haste paid his fees in advance for the instruction.

Having paid his money and secured a receipt, he became transformed. He was haughty, deliberate, impudent and very self-assured. He left the office and asked a passing pupil :

"Tell me, Count, where is the top class?"

"There are no Counts here, Sir!" the pupil answered. "As for the top class, you'll find it at the fifth door, to the left!"

The former clown impatiently entered the highest class. He went directly to the platform, mounting which he turned to the members of the class with a passionate appeal, which sounded very sincere, because actually the clown was sincere :

"Comrades in our love for human beings! Have pity on me! No one has ever pitied me. Have pity on me, dear men and women! I have already paid my fees, the receipt lies in my pocket, I want to learn love towards human beings, I can almost love now, but I am prevented from loving them as I might love them because no one has ever loved or pitied me! Have pity on me, friends! Have pity on me, beloved comrades! I want caresses from you! Caresses! Caresses!"

The unexpected appeal of the clown was so fervent and passionate that the pedagogue who was preparing to read his regular lecture on the technique of respect, was dumbfounded, and not knowing what to do—to protest or to submit—had the presence of mind to turn towards his listeners with the following proposal :

"Brothers! We are gathered here to discuss the technique of respect. But brother clown has so touchingly appealed to you to take pity on him that I have nothing to say against your fulfilling his request and—by the employment of the noble technique of pity and tenderness, so often demonstrated here—expressing for his benefit the deepest respect, which would be quite in

THIS QUARTER

accordance with the requirements of our today's lesson."

"Very well! Very well!" sounded voices from various places.

And the large room became silent.

The clown stood on the platform and waited.

"Well, begin..." said the teacher quietly.

Someone timidly coughed.

"A little bolder!" the teacher encouraged.

A tall, thick-lipped, morose man rose from one of the rear seats. In a business-like fashion, and with a heavy tread, he approached the platform, ascending which, he turned towards the clown and, after giving vent to a cough, he said loudly so everyone could hear :

"We pity you! Pity you!... Pity you!..."

Then he turned on his heel and resumed his place.

He was followed on the platform by two others. One was a factory-worker, the other was an old shop-keeper with a very dark past. Both began to bow to the clown, to brush off the imagined dust from his attire and to speak tender words to him; then the factory-worker offered him money, while the shop-keeper offered him goods out of his shop on credit.

They were followed on the platform by a little, spiteful-looking man, who for a long time stroked the clown's head...

The humane woman pupil, who had told the Director the story of her tragic life, kissed the clown on the forehead.

The former Minister of Internal Affairs of a State approached the clown and solemnly gave him his visiting card.

Then someone began to narrate to the clown the long history of his love, from time to time embracing and kissing him.

The clown began to weep from all these tender attentions.

Nevertheless, many were not pleased with this lesson.

More persons than usual left the room on the pretext of their spite.

All the effigies in the Room of Spite were engaged.

A ferocious din uprose from many throats and from the beating of the effigies.

One of the effigies had its head torn off, and six human beings, jolting one another, chased after it and kicked it with their feet.

In the heat of the beating of the effigies two of the pupils suffered severe injuries on face and head.

But the saddest thing happened to the Director of the School of Love Towards Mankind.

He happened to be passing through the Room of Spite and either intentionally or unintentionally—no one succeeded in establishing the truth—was hit on the head with an iron stick, and died on the spot among the mutilated effigies.

10. The Nationalization of the School of Love Towards Mankind.

The sad end of the Director of the School of Love Towards Mankind provoked many discussions among the public and in the press and attracted the attention of the authorities.

The authorities decided to nationalize the School, to change somewhat its programme and to maintain order.

The first step to be taken was to place a permanent detachment of police on the premises.

Then the Room of Spite was put in repair. The effigies were surrounded with iron rails. The beating of them was allowed only to those who had shown model behaviour and demonstrated exceptional success in the practical and responsible science of love towards mankind.

The Soviet of pedagogues also underwent some changes, and new experienced members were added to the faculty.

THIS QUARTER

The post of the chief administrator of the School was given to the former Minister of the Internal Affairs of a State destroyed from the face of the earth.

As for the late Director of the School, who died such a martyred death in active propaganda of love towards mankind, there was a monument erected to his memory.

To obviate the danger in any event, the monument to that excellent man was enclosed within strong iron railings.

(Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.)

POEM

by

Boris Pasternak

*Weave this shower, like waves of cold elbows,
Like lilies, satin and strong, with powerless palms!
Away, exult! Into the open! Hold them,—for in this
furious race
There's the clamour of woods, choked with the echo of hunts
in Calydon,
Where, like a roe, heedless, Actæon pursued Atalanta
towards the glade,
Where they loved in profoundest azure whistling by the ears
of the horses,
Kissing in the impetuous baying of chase,
Caressing in the peals of horn, and the crackling of trees,
hooves and claws.
—O! Into the open! Into the open!—like those!*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey)

THE CELLAR.

by

ANDREI SOBOL

All over Russia, on the trains, in prisons, in barracks, in railway stations, behind lichen-covered tree trunks in the woods, in the queues waiting at food distribution centres, in the market squares when a police raid was expected, in all the towns and remnants of towns, whether their political complexion was Red, Green or White, alike in fine weather and in foul, in snowstorm or in thaw—the human frame has been taught how to contract, how to compress itself. Here, in this railway truck, a heaving sea of human beings are lying in rows like logs.

They lie in three rows, heads between someone else's legs, legs twisted round someone else's head. They struggle at first, flinging their bundles about, thumping one another in the back, pressing up against the side; but they calm down; evening is drawing in, and presently, everything is wrapped in darkness. Some swell lights a candle, but it cannot burn in the stifling atmosphere, it flickers, and goes out. Matches refuse to ignite. A girl refugee is quietly crying, too frightened to utter a word. A bony hand is fumbling under her skirt, a horrible hand, invisible—there are hundreds and hundreds of hands all round, on every side.

On the very first night, just outside Odessa, a baby had been crushed by a soldier's box. It was a pre-revolutionary box bound with iron bands painted green. When the train stopped in the morning, by straining all their muscles (the human frame had been taught to

contract) they hauled out the baby and its mother, who appeared to be still alive. Passing them from hand to hand, they managed to get them to the door—first the dead baby, then the mother, and then her basket, and after they had thrown them out, the train had gone on.

In truck No. 233521 there were bagmen, soldiers, and, among others, three refugees : three tortured human souls longing for rest and peace somewhere outside Russia, where the trains started on time, and where, it was alleged, learned professors paid money for lice.

Each of the three was unknown to the others. Captain Sineluk had never heard of the barrister Veresov, and David Pouzik had never dreamed that he would find himself stealing through dark forests to the banks of the Dinester in the company of the two men lying beside him, the thin blond man in a tattered coat and the broad shouldered, dark haired, spectacled man in a cloth blouse. The captain had been all over Russia on foot, hither and thither, from Ufa to Tsaritsin, and then, when flames rose above the tricoloured flag at Tsaritsin, back again, back through the jostling crowds, past abandoned provision waggons, into an ocean of military coats, and thence, by highroad or field, by forest or steppe, back, back until he reached the German settlers' colonies at Novorossi.

Captain Sineluk was sick to death of faked passports and of perpetually registering under different names.

For a year and a half the barrister had wriggled like an eel at every knock on his door. He had hidden his watch and his gold ring under his floorboards, and there, too, he had hidden his letters from Miliukov, received when he was president of the local branch of the Cadet party. He wanted to get to Paris, not so much to learn the truth from Miliukov's lips as because he wanted to get away from the repeated domiciliary visits which had worn his nerves to shreds.

David Pouzik had not had any letters from Miliukov,

THIS QUARTER

nor had he captured or surrendered Tsaritsin. But he carried three crosses, a threefold burden : he was a Jew, he had a catastrophic mole on his nose, the tail of which reached his upper lip, and he had his appalling name (1). For the first he got beaten, for the second he was mercilessly mocked, and the third made life unendurable. From spring to autumn, Pouzik dashed from town to town in flight. One sunrise, he rose and fled from Golt, for the Greens were approaching the town. Lilies of the valley were flowering in the woods, but in Golt they were nailing up the shutters, mothers were carrying off their children, and the aged were wandering aimlessly away.

When the sun was at its zenith, Pouzik made his way to the station, across the fields, while the Green Ataman's wife was stealing cushions and the candlesticks from the synagogue. By the time the sun set, Pouzik was rushing towards Vosnesensk on a truck crowded with noisy youths who were out hunting the Whites.

How many nights can a man go without sleep? Fields sleep, the sky sleeps, even the stars doze. But there was no sleep for Pouzik. He had to look behind him at every instant, to listen intently for the sound of hooves or for a drunken song. He must, he must...

Pouzik was convinced that Palestine was absolutely necessary for him, that he must have a cedar of Lebanon to lean against, he needed space to stretch his numbed legs, to gaze up at a Jewish sky, to fall asleep at the tomb of Mother Rachel. Blessed be sleep, and blessed be Almighty God, who sends sleep to weary eyes.

His mole, that mole of which Milchezer (a witty chemist who wrote for the Bourse Gazette) had said that "it would shine like a comet in a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude,"—could it not in some way be forgotten? There were all sorts of leaders, even women

(1) "Pousik" is a vulgar slang word for belly.

Atamans, there were petty officials who had become leaders, and young White lieutenants, headhunters, crept out of the forests—among all these strange phenomena, could not his mole be forgotten?

The Bourse Gazette had long ceased to exist, and Milchecer had gone to the East, to Afghanistan, or was it to India, to take some diplomatic post. But the comet remained, and so did its tail. And Pouzik had no diplomatic talents. What he needed was a Jewish colony in the neighbourhood of Arabs. And his name! When he went to the police to renew his passport, they always asked him "is you name Belly?"

And then, again, all Jews got beaten, the Mendils just as much as the Goldbergs, and old Danilchik's bayonet was no respecter of persons, and he would as soon thrust it through a man with a brilliant name like Diamond as through the poorest and shabbiest Yankil. As for his own name, Pouzik, Pouzik, Pouzik, that simply evoked uproarious laughter wherever it was heard. Somehow, he must find the land where he could bear, in pride and simplicity, the name David Ben-Simon, the timehonoured name to which he was legally entitled, under the everlasting sky to which he also had a lawful right.

Treading on the heads and shoulders of others, the three men climbed out of the truck, and found themselves outside a little, tumbledown station. At first they separated. One turned to the left, one went straight on, and the third shouldered his bag and drifted off with an artful air of being a bagman bent on exchanging town wares for country produce. But they met later in Corny Povidel's hut at the end of the village, some distance from where the other huts were all crowded together.

Corny's hut was a regular meeting place, where a constant trade was carried on with contrabandists and there was a lot of haggling as to their price for smuggling a man over the Roumanian frontier. There was a

THIS QUARTER

cellar in which the refugees had to hide at a given signal, and where they had to stay trembling until Corny's wife knocked on the floor above them with her broom. Corny charged a certain decent percentage as commission. The neighbouring forest was a maze of footpaths leading on and on towards the river and a new life.

When the three met at Corny's, going up to the captain, Veresov said, "May I have two words with you?" Then he and Sineluk began a whispered conversation which went on till evening. They had supper together, pooling their provisions. Meanwhile, Pouzik sat at the far end of the bench from them. The human frame had been taught to occupy the least possible space. The bench was long and wide and he could have lain down on it, stretched out at full length, but the captain was watching him out of the corner of his eye, and did not remove his bundles.

They had to hide in the cellar during the night. Pouzik was a long time in feeling for the top step with his foot, and the captain gave him a shove, saying angrily "get on." In the impenetrable darkness of the cellar, in a loud, snarling voice, he said, "You can't get away from the Jews." Then he bumped his head against the wall: "The beasts, they thrust themselves in everywhere."

From another corner, the barrister whispered: "My dear fellow, don't. We've had enough of that racial enmity. At moments such as this, you must rise above such things. In this cellar, only think..." And he made up his mind then and there that in the first lecture he gave in Paris, he would say that Russia was a huge cellar in the darkness of which all barriers were swept away, and where all men were humanised and made equal in the common calvary of suffering.

"Leave me alone," answered the captain, stressing the "lone" with suppressed fury, as though he were hammering a nail into the wall. "It's thanks to them

that I am covered with lice. Where's my regiment? Where's my dressing-case? Where's Russia? There's nothing left. Leave me alone."

Pouzik laid his head on the floor, which was as wet as the ground under bushes in a wood, and stopped his ears with his fingers as he had done a month before on the truck in the clamour of the noisy men who were wet with blood, drink and women. Veresov lit a cigarette. The light of his match for a moment silhouetted the figure of Pouzik, lying face down, and then the flame flickered out, and the outline merged again in the darkness.

"He's having a bad time, too," said the barrister in a melancholy tone, as he pointed his cigarette toward Pouzik.

"Leave me alone." The captain, scratching himself with fury, was preparing himself for the night. Veresov thought how magnanimous and all-forgiving he, Veresov, was, and pictured himself in the *Café Riche* in Paris. Pouzik, still plugging his ears with his fingers, kept on repeating to himself, over and over again, "Sleep, sleep, sleep... The forest is close by, and its tracks lead on and on to a new life..."

"Is your name Belly?" Blindly and desperately, Pouzik flung himself over.

"Get up!" The broom was knocking on the floor overhead, and the barrister was trying to wake him. It was dawn. Light filtered through imperceptible chinks in some inexplicable fashion, and cast faint shadows in the cellar. The captain yawned, made the sign of the cross over his mouth, and spat.

They crawled out, and again Pouzik got in the captain's way. "What a crew!"

In the room above, the captain, adjusting his dirty, bloodstained puttees, once more addressed himself to Pouzik,—Pouzik, who had been beaten as often as the captain had himself been beaten in the skirmishes of the retreat from Ekaterinodar to Orlov:—"Why don't

THIS QUARTER

you stay in Russia? It's yours now. It's not Russia, it's Jewland. Why don't you become a cavalry inspector? Eh, why not? You don't care to? Not good enough? Not good enough?"

Trembling, holding one of his filthy puttees in his weather-beaten hand, the captain shook it in Pouzik's face. "There, smell that. See what you have brought us to." His glasses fell off. The barrister pushed Pouzik gently toward the door. "For a few minutes; for God's sake go away for a few minutes." The captain was on all fours, searching for his spectacles.

Pouzik waved aside the barrister's hand, picked up the fallen puttee, and placed it on the table. "Eat it," he said, his eyes giving a little smile, but his tremulous lips refusing to obey him. Then he went out with his triple burden, his threefold cross.

There was a gray, parched field with lots of dry mole-hills between the porch and the wood. A cock crew on the other side of the fence, huskily and lazily. A damp mist drifted up from the Dniester. Perhaps that was what made the wood look so far off and unattainable.

At dinner time, Podivel brought the man who was to get them across the border. Pouzik's spirits fell. The smuggler demanded a high price in Tsarist roubles, and he had only Kerensky roubles which were falling in value day by day. All Pouzik's pleadings were in vain. He proved a bad diplomatist, not like Milchecer who would come to terms so easily with Afghans or Indians.

"I'll knock off three for the lot of you," said the guide.

"He ins't with us" rapped out the captain, pointing to Pouzik to make his meaning quite clear. "How much for us two?"

The barrister turned away. The smuggler snuffled and snorted as he counted over the hundred Tsarist rouble notes. Pouzik suddenly felt limp. He leaned against

the stove, but all its breadth and solidity seemed insufficient to support him. It felt to him as though it were slipping away, swaying, and about to topple over.

Tramping through the forest, they preserved the same order all the time. The smuggler led the way, followed by the barrister. The captain in his tall, black, fur cap brought up the rear. Pouzik's distraught eyes were fixed on that cap. If, as sometimes happened for a moment, it disappeared behind the trunk of a big oak, Pouzik would rush forward, never forgetting, however, that though he must hurry on, he must keep out of sight, and that with all his hastening his footsteps must not make a sound, and he must not let a branch creak or a twig snap. And with cunning, with great cunning, he would succeed in following the right track.

"What's your name, Belly?" His thoughts ran on again as once more he had to increase his pace. Then, in his mind, he seemed to hear someone say, "We have taken Golt; you can take the Jews." Oh, but it was hot. Still, as they went on, he kept pushing forward. The two hours' struggle seemed to have taken only a minute. Every muscle was obedient to his will. But, as at last he got out of the forest, he saw a boat on the hazy river, a black boat into which the captain and the barrister were scrambling. It was only then that he realised that all his cunning had been useless, that all his keeping to the track had been in vain, that all his struggles had been futile. But he did not stop. Again he plunged forward, away from the bank, in order to reach the other side. He *must* reach the other bank.

Oh, oh, he could still feel the bottom of the river with his feet when he grabbed hold of the boat. The water was up to his throat. The cold September water seemed to cut his chest. But he *must* reach the other bank.

"What are you doing, you swine?" hissed the guide, gazing with anxious eyes at the Roumanian bank across

THIS QUARTER

the river. But he rested his oars. The baiister rose, and held out his hand. The boat rocked.

"Idiot," roared the captain. "Sit down; we shall drown." He slapped the guide on the back, "Get on with it you son of a bitch." The boat bobbed, just like a duck, righted itself, and dipped again. Then it flew forward. Pouzik was flung back. The ground slipped away from under his feet. Quickly, quickly, as though someone had hurled him down the cellar steps, he was cast into eternal darkness.

The promised land and that everlasting sky to which he had a lawful right had still to be reached. The waters of the river closed over him like clouds in the heavens.

Evening, night, another dawn; again a mist rises from the Dniester. Again, Granka, Podivel's wife, knocks on the floor with her broom, and yet again, more refugees tumble up out of the cellar.

(Translated from the Russian by H. Matheson.)

POEM

by

Nicolai Tikhonov

*My soul was not forged by the smith in a day,
Long-time it was cooled in the ice;
Your hand,—said the mountain to me in the night :
—With you I shall go where you will !*

*And bright golden staffs of the sun-flaming days,
Remained in my dissolute ways,
And bridges bowed low at my feet, humbly begged,
And prayed me to pass over them.*

*And thickets resounded : beloved, we wait,
We're faithful alone to your axe !—
And ravines and mountains with their heated rains
Warmed secret a burrow for me.*

*And I wandered pathless, and I was so drunk,
More thirsting for blood than a lynx,
And scorched to my feet by a stone-heavy sun,
My lips yet did kindle in songs.*

(Translated by George Reavey.)

BICOU

by

Alexei Remisov

Grey stones! that is like shade when the sun shines—sunlit shades : walking or pausing, I am conscious of the quiet of assembling thoughts. A stone lay in our yard; everyone called it the “little stone.” At first, I clamber up on it, and it seems enormous. But when I began growing up, or had the stone become smaller? one simply sat down upon it as upon a stool. And there were games, and there was always something to be done near the stone. And walking, at times, in a state of torment, one had only to come upon the “little stone,” and somehow, one would gain serenity.

I recalled this—my feeling of serenity—when, in such a state of “torment”, I found myself in the midst of the stone menhirs and dolmens, the sacred stones of the Druids. Sacrificial altars, temples, monuments. (They erected monuments for the living rather than for the dead!) I at once sensed the fact that, beside each stone, there was a store of living things, an affluent stream of life, and that these living, ringing things were calculated to put one at ease, rather than to disturb one.

Ah, what nights! how many of them moonlit and extraordinary for their light : light from the ocean and from the texture of the stones themselves. I shall not stroll out to the dolmens by the shore on nights like these,—not because of the gnomes, no,—the gnomes were spirits that served the Druids, and which now live beside the dolmens and the menhirs. I am not afraid of

gnomes; they were thought to be "malicious" under a very bright sun overhead; for they, of course, have a dimension of their own that is not a human one, and so, there is, naturally, a danger here for man. No, it was for another reason—or, as Bicou says, "because."

Our evening walk crosses the roadway by a path that leads toward the dolmen. The dolmen is a virgin stone on five stone legs like a table, with its nose on the ground, and with prickly thorn and heather round about; and beyond the dolmen, among the rocks, there is one very terrifying place: one has to leap across! and then, on the shore above, there is a menhir, a stone firmly fixed in the earth, sticking out like a finger; and through a vineyard beyond the menhir, on a barren ridge, is a hare's burrow. We would pause: "Will not the little hare come out?" But for some reason, he does not emerge! And all the way home, Bicou keeps looking around: "The little hare will come out!" I, of course, know him well—Barbazon!—always with a sack; and he has little sticks of candy and chocolate in silver paper. But Bicou never manages to see him, or to thank the little hare for his presents. Once we did see: saw him running past with whiskers! But that was not Barbazon, simply a hare!

Or we set out like this: through a garden and orchard into the fields, and over the fields, by the side of blackberry hedges, past the magic serpent's nest; and leaving the serpent, we go on past the young oak trees, towards the old oaks—where lies the "fairy fountain."

We are never alone, always with the great ones. We are afraid of everything. And we are afraid—ask Bicou why he is afraid. He will reply, "because." We converse in the same language. I take no notice of Bicou's mistakes. On the contrary, I think how easily the sounds come to him, especially the very difficult nasal ones. And he thinks that I speak the same way he does; and if anything is incomprehensible, it is "because," and not for the reason that I distort my words, and in

THIS QUARTER

place of saying the right one, say any that comes along, which is often not the right one at all.

Two years back, when Bicou was three years old, he thought that I was younger than himself, and used to call me "thou," and would not leave me in peace for a moment : now it was a game of ball, now it was carrying hay from one corner to another, and what the game was about I do not know. The only thing was to hide, but that was really no use for he would find you; and then, once more, I had to obey his orders. But now, Bicou knows that I am older, that I am twelve (twelve is as high as he can count) and that, on the whole, I am very much like him : we are both afraid of everything. While we were having our pictures taken, Bicou's leg twitched with fear. "I would not be afraid on a donkey!" I think it would have been the same even on a donkey. I shall tell you a secret : for one moment, Bicou was even afraid of me : that was when we first met! But after a breath, and without looking up for a while, he began telling me about the magic serpent. No one ever saw this serpent, "Chaloch." No one ever saw it, but it wanders about by night; and there is no way of getting by it!

We are afraid of motor cars. They whirl past us in the road with a roar, and with white lights at night! We are also afraid of bulls. To tell the truth, bulls do not take the slightest notice of us, but, at the sight of a horn, we make a detour and speak in whispers! The same is true, of course, of dogs, all except one. Bicou is not afraid of Karo, and holds him so that I shan't be afraid. Bicou is also afraid of snakes, and as we go through the fields along the blackberry hedges, he always carries a small pitchfork with him, which he pokes into the bushes—"to scare the snakes." But we are not afraid of gnomes! No gnomes are to be seen either by day or night. Bicou would crawl under a stone—"none there!" But each time we approach a dolmen, he becomes keen and watch-

ful—expectant. And when the great ones move away, I take his hands, and we whirl around like gnomes.

Once, after a gnome-dance, while pursuing the great ones, Bicou bit my hand. I did not feel any pain; only, it was so strange and sudden to see the print of small even teeth near my thumb. I keep looking at these marks. Why do they stay there so long? And Bicou—suddenly coming to—comes towards me, takes my hand, and I feel his lips glued to the sore spot. “But it doesn’t hurt.” But he keeps on looking, for he is hurt; and running a little way off, he trots about, and then again comes towards me, and quietly, soothingly, takes my hand.

Bicou is a Breton, the last of the Celts! And the tail end of a race is usually very coarse-grained (it will die away; it always must; but there are a few Bicous left). Bicou’s gaze is so full of sadness—like the dolmens, the earth’s open eyes, where the same three-thousand-year-old sorrow is to be seen.

Bicou’s eyes are warm, warmer, I feel, than cheek or forehead.

“Eye!” he says in Russian, pointing with his finger, and, in the same queer tone, “Mouth!” “Cheek!” “Forehead!” “Hand!”

Take his body, hug it tightly, and you feel the little ribs.

“Stomach!” says Bicou in Russian, “Leg!”

Next summer, we shall go to Charrois, the town barber, who will cut Bicou’s hair as he did mine, holding his nose like this!

“And the gnomes,” I say, “all have their hair cut.”

“And the flea-king?”

“Well, of course.”

Bicou knows about “the crow and the fox,” and he likes the crow very much.

“And the crow?”

“The crow also—and Merlin.”

THIS QUARTER

Next summer, we shall go without fail to Karnak, and from Karnak to the forest of Broceliande, where Merlin still sleeps under a spell.

I taught Bicou "to build a nose;" we do that together with our little fingers, and what an enormous nose we make! I also taught him to show me his tongue; he would stick out his little tongue, and I would touch it, praise it. His tongue was moist and elastic—"a nice little tongue"—and not at all tickly. I also taught him "to butt;" only, "the goat" was not easy for him—he was always stretching out the wrong fingers; but as he grew more clever at it, well, he gave me the butting of my life, and he puckered up his lips like this—it was terrifying! But he himself loves to have me butt him.

"*Budt!*" he says in Russian, as he climbs up on my bed.

Well, I run "the goat" along his tummy—he loves it! "Once, a goat with horns—"

"*Budt!*"

At table, we sit beside the lady at whose house we are. Her plate is between us. I watch Bicou eating. His fingers do most of the work; the fork is just for the looks of the thing; and he often eats the skin and bone as well. Grandmother sits opposite Bicou; she is a hundred years old, small and wizened (a little stone), in a white Breton cap; and she does not say a word, just looks. When the talk turns to gnomes, menhirs, dolmens and fairies, she listens attentively, and it is plain that she knows; she knows other things besides. (The Druids forbade records, and no written memory survives of their sciences; that is why this three-thousand-year-old silence!)

Bicou becomes drowsy over dinner; trembling, he begins to peck with his nose, but this does not last long; and I notice that, in the course of the conversation, he stealthily slips down under the table. There, he lays his head on the stool under grandmother's feet and, curling himself up into a ring, snuggles down. But he never

fails to come out for dessert. Bicou is very fond of peaches. And then, he has to see me off. I switch on the electric light. Switching the light on and off is a great temptation for Bicou! Then, of course, we "butt", and I draw gnomes on horseback and bull's horns, with a lilac pencil, all over his hands. He goes to bed with his decorated palms spread apart, without washing them. He will fall asleep. And he has dreams at night, dreams that he cannot remember; but he often cries out in his sleep.

A rat lives in the attic over my head. It stays in the field during the day, but comes to sleep in the attic at night. And without knowing what it is up to, I feel as if it were gnawing away and tearing up the ceiling. I know the walls are of stone, and the ceiling strong, but all the same—there it is; it will gnaw its way through to me. Of course, it can't do anything; it would be afraid of me. But I cannot fall asleep; I am all the time listening. The rat, finally, is still—can it be that it has broken off its teeth? The rat has fallen asleep, and I do the same.

The rat frightens away my dreams. I have no dreams.

But there are nights when, tired of running about the fields all the day, it comes home, and is so very quiet that it seems it is not there at all. And then, I read of menhirs and dolmens, of the white-magic mistletoe, of the sun, of the bull—

for this earth and these stones—that is Egypt—it is the same memory : Karnak is both here and there, and also the bull, and the sun, and "wisdom"—

and, besides archæology, I read of "Breton saints," of the Knights of the Round Table, of King Arthur and Merlin, and of the last Breton king, Soloman. I have

THIS QUARTER

had on my table, for the last forty years, *le Magasin pittoresque*.—I look over the pictures, and having read and looked my fill, I fall peacefully asleep. I have dreams from another world—distressing in the extreme, clear and palpable, but not at all threatening, and without the oppressive memory of those persistent “flesh and bone” dreams.

But for some time past—was is the moon? the ocean? the gnomes?—my dreams had turned into conflict. It began with the dolmen; I saw the dolmen clearly; it was the one around which Bicou and I whirled at sunset. I become inexplicably terrified : something draws, and I am forced to look; and I can neither escape nor awake.

I sit by the table in my room; the rat is asleep in the attic; the house is as though dead, and the ocean has gone away; such is the silence! Suddenly, the electric light goes out! I quickly run behind the door (the switch is behind the door); I fumble, but am unable to find it, though I know it is in that very spot—and so, my hand gropes along the wall—not there, then lower and lower—I am groping near the floor (how did I get down there!); I want to turn on the light, but nothing comes of it; and I discover, in spite of the dark, that the switch is broken in two : join the halves, then, and it will light up! But the moment I touch the two halves, I feel—someone has seized me by the hands and is holding them, and someone else has grasped my feet and is creeping over me. I am conscious of this without seeing anything. “Let go, what are you up to!” At the sound of my voice, they scatter. But as soon as I stretch out a hand and touch the halves, they seize my hands once more and drag me back; and while this is not painful, it is torture to me.

For some reason, I need to go to the attic,—not our present attic, but the Moscow one,—there where my

"little stone" is. I opened the door of the attic, and was about to go in; but on the threshold, I received such a lash, and my hands were seized from behind. I wanted to turn back—they would not let me. I freed my hand then, and raised it—the gloom began to disperse; and I saw in the depths of the attic, beside a window, an old man who was sitting there, an old man who looked like Tagore, and his eyes were swimming as in burning water. "*Aratim-tich!*" I said. I did not know why I uttered that name, "*Aratim-tich,*" nor do I know what it means, but I felt at once how free I was, and looking at the old man, at his brimming, burning eyes, I went quietly out—

A new moon—other dreams. But here, I was attacked by the fleas. The "flea king" does not help, nor does "*la-kazac,*" the yellow Persian powder. The whole house, it would appear, is over-run with fleas.

And as, one morning, I was looking for a rubber which had rolled away somewhere, and my hosts were helping me search for it, Bicou, putting his head in at the door, inquired :

"Are you looking for fleas?"



Tales of gnomes, fays, and enchanters—they could turn a man into a speck of dust, and themselves into a mouse!—were forgotten for a time, and the fleas along with them. The "fly-kingdom" ruled over all now. I visited the Vendée, where the ocean was no longer ours, —Breton,—thundering from a rent, craggy shore (a part had perished with Atlantis), but a "real sea"—where the golden fish lives!—with a wavy, sandy shore.

In the Vendée, there lived a celtologist of my acquaintance. He met me at the station. On the way, I soon remarked that he made use of flies for purposes of com-

THIS QUARTER

parison—"that is like a thousand flies," or "how much dearer than 77 flies!" I did not pay any attention at first : these strange passions and proverbs do occur. But when we reached the house, I was astonished by the strange manner in which the room was furnished : with small squares of paper suspended on strings from the ceiling ; and stranger still, my host, in the midst of a learned discussion, would go over to these sticky papers and, carefully inspecting them (was he counting ?), would excitedly note something down. At noon, interrupting the conversation, he once more checked the papers, and said in a tone of relief : "75." Tea had to be bought. We went to a shop. But upon our entrance, the proprietress budged neither at the sound of the bell nor at our greetings ; she was counting something, her eyes riveted on similar slips of paper, while the other inmate of the shop stood by like a statue, with pencil ready. Shouting out "50", the proprietress turned to us. I do not know what it all means ! So I began to pay attention to the conversation. The talk was of the most trivial everyday things, but interwoven with all the words was that importunate "fly". It appears that some enchantress had transformed people into black flies, and an order had accordingly been issued to hand out the sticky papers, and to keep an exact account of the number of flies caught, a large reward being promised to the one who should catch the most, a reward estimated at one million black flies ! The following day at noon, an amazing metamorphosis took place in front of my eyes : a motor car full of Americans, which had just pulled up, suddenly rose in the air, droned, and then flew to pieces over the sandy beach—

Bicou listened to my stories of the "fly-kingdom" with so great an interest that we decided to go next summer, without fail, to the Vendée, to search for the enchantress and to learn her secret : how to transform people into flies.

"But we shall have to agree not to tell anyone, or we ourselves would be transformed into flies."

"That's impractical!" remarked Bicou.

* * *

The last days, we go to bid farewell to the dolmen and the menhir, and to the "fairy fountain". And I remember the fay Armas and the story of March-Pen-Ruz.

but Bicou would not understand that :
love, renouncement in the name of love,
exploit, faithfulness and death—

and I talked to him only of gnomes : how when Pen-Ruz mounts his horse, Armas dispatches the gnomes to clear the way for him, and to spread themselves under him should he fall.

After dinner, when I had, as usual, painted Bicou's palms all over with gnomes and horns, he looked at me with his sad three-thousand-year-old eyes, and said, quietly :

"We are friends, are we not?"

I stroked his little ribs—his heart was beating quietly (like a live pebble)—and I promised that as soon as I returned to Paris, I would beg Barbazon, and the little hare undoubtedly would agree, and I would then immediately send him a rosy pointed cap with a horned moon and stars, a gold crown, a rosy beard, a silver purse with unchangeable silver, and a pair of rose and green spectacles. And Bicou would then dress himself up, would go out to the dolmen, and all the gnomes would come out and dance for him!

■
* * *

Bicou knows he can come see me only at bedtime. And if he should happen to look in while I am studying,

THIS QUARTER

I take *The Hundred Chapters* and start reading aloud. He at once disappears; he cannot understand, and he must not be permitted to interrupt. On the eve of my departure, Bicou came in at the wrong time. I was about to pick up *The Hundred Chapters*, when I saw that he was not even thinking of sitting down. What had happened was, he was being taken to the vineyard to weed out grass for rabbits, and he had run in to ask me to take care of—

and he placed on the table an old purse
and a little powder-box—his sacred ob-
jects, from which he never parted!

When Bicou had gone, I had a look. The box proved to be empty, but the purse contained a small photograph, like those on medallions,—some lady, hard to make out, for the photograph was yellow and faded.

That evening, before dinner, I handed his treasure over to Bicou. He immediately ran out of the room to hide it. I inquired about the mysterious photograph. Whose is it? Nobody knows. Where did it come from? They do not know. But grandmother looks—knows—?

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey).

LISTEN !

by

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Listen !

For if stars are lit

it means—it's necessary for someone?

It means—someone desires they should be?

It means—someone calls these spittles pearls?

And whipped

in the lashes of the noonday dust

he bursts into god,

afraid of being late,

weeps

kisses his knotted hands

begs—

that unfailingly there be a star !—

swears—

he could not bear this starless torment

And afterwards

walks about watchful

yet to all appearance calm,

Tells someone :

"Now you're all right?

And not afraid?

Yes?"

Listen !

For if stars

are lit,

THIS QUARTER

*it means—it's necessary for someone?
It means—it's indispensable
that every evening
over roofs
one star at least should flame !*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey.)



Drawing by Polia Chentoff

A SERPENT

by

Mikhail Prishvin

One sometimes glimpses a small hole at the bottom of a boggy hillock. If you blow enough cigarette smoke down it, you often see a poisonous serpent, a viper, crawling out from under the hillock through another hole. On a sunny day it climbs on the top, and there, curled up in ringlets, lies for a long time, taking its sun-bath which it loves so well. The peasants are in the habit of working barefooted in the swamp, and therefore, case of poisonous snake-bite occur in every village. The cattle, too, suffer from the serpents. And that is why the peasants have pronounced an irrevocable death-sentence upon serpents. They all kill them. The fool does so, scoffing and sneering : "There you are, take it!" and often leaves the snake lying in the road. The wise man kills quickly and silently, with clenched teeth, and never fails to bury his victim, fearing lest the flies and mosquitoes carry the poison from the serpent to men and beasts.

I once came across a man and a woman in a swamp. He was carrying a scythe, she a rake. He began talking to me, while she walked on to her row, and shouted out to us from there :

"I see three serpents!"

The man broke off a branch, went up to his wife, fumbled about in the bushes and said :

"I've got hold of one, a big one."

THIS QUARTER

He thrashed it with the stick, took an axe, and as though he had been in the habit of doing so before, hewed down the hillock, pushed the dead serpent aside, and covered it up with the hillock once more. After that he said, mirthlessly :

“First time I’ve killed a serpent.”

I was greatly surprised; he had settled matters so quietly and efficiently with the viper that it was hard to believe his words. A clever peasant, no doubt, one equal to any emergency.

Man and wife started working, while a friend of mine, Nikolai Vasilich was his name, came up to me along the swampy path. The cleverest and the best man in the district, was the reputation he had; in the first years of the revolution he had occupied, for three years running, the post of president of the executive committee. I told Nikolai Vasilich that three serpents had just been seen there, and that the big one had been killed, while the two smaller ones had got away.

“Let ’em live,” Nikolai Vasilich answered, “I’m always sorry when they get killed : a serpent never wants to sting a man, and runs away from a beast; it goes so far as to warn them off with its hissing; but what’s it to do if you tread on its tail?”

For the first time in my life, I had met someone who was a friend to serpents, and I said :

“You seem to sympathize with them?”

“Indeed, I do,” he replied earnestly, “I do sympathize with serpents : they’re innocent and very wise, and we are made to kill them.”

Nikolai Vasilich was on the point of telling me about it, but my dog had scented some game, and we parted.

One day,—it was a holiday,—some young villagers were playing foot-ball, as their elders sat on the benches, looking on, speaking to one another in low tones.

Nikolai Vasilich stopped me. "Just wait a bit," he said, "take a seat and I'll tell you how clever serpents can be."

And this is what he told me :

"When I was president of the district executive committee, I had to take the swampy path every day on my way to the district. One day I was walking that way and saw a serpent on the hillock : it lay curled up, bathing in the sun. I came up. It raised its head and looked at me, then lowered its head again. I walked away, and after a while, looked back : it had raised its head once more, and was following me with its glance. See—what brains?"

"No, I don't see."

"Well, wait until you hear some more. Next day, I was passing there at the same hour, when, lo and behold,—it was there, in the same place. Again, it raised its head, and I walked away. And this went on for a week : as soon as I came up, it would raise its head. Do you see now?"

I ventured a guess :

"You thought it recognised you?"

"You're right : it did recognise me. But listen. I was walking from the district with a peasant, who was going to look for his cow in the woods. We were passing by that shrub.

" 'Keep on going,' I said, 'there's a serpent over there.'"

" 'How do you know that?'"

" 'See for yourself!'"

"There it was, all right. The peasant was not a very clever fellow; he was afraid of me; he appeared to be stunned :

" 'How did you guess it was there?' he asked.

"I told him all about it, and he replied : 'Why didn't you kill it, then and there?'"

THIS QUARTER

" 'It's the way it is with sheep,' I told the man; 'one does as the other did before him; this serpent is a friend of mine, and so I just didn't go and kill it.' "

"He laughed. His mind was elsewhere. He merely laughed, and rushed off to the woods, to look for his cow. The next day, I peeped under the shrub; my serpent was not there; the hillock was empty."

I gathered that Nikolai Vasilich had finished his story, and hastened to express my opinion of it :

"I like your story; it is a truthful one. A week was enough for the serpent to get to know you; and when a noisy stranger, who did not understand what it was all about, appeared, it went away."

"Wait a bit; I haven't finished," said Nikolai Vasilich. "When the peasant had gone, I thought to myself : 'It couldn't have crawled far away; it must be nearby.' I walked around the shrub, and there it was, lying on the other side! It raised its head in recognition as usual. The same day, I was walking back that way with a crowd of people. Mushrooms had sprung up after the rain, and a young lad remarked :

"There's a fine mushroom over there, I'll go and pick it!"

" 'Look out', I said, 'there's a serpent around there.' "

" 'How do you know ?' "

"He laughed and went on. I pulled him by the sleeve and pointed the snake out to him. The others were amazed, but I explained it all to them. 'Why didn't you kill it ?' one greybeard very sternly inquired.

"I told him everything, how I had walked past every day, and how it had raised its head, how it had moved to a new place after I had pointed it out to a stranger, but how it recognized me just the same.

"The old man rebuked me :

" 'The serpent damages our cattle,—and he makes light of it, the president of the committee at that!'

MIKHAIL PRISHVIN

"At this point, I made an unfortunate remark, with the silly idea of justifying myself, as a child would have done :

" 'Grandfather, never in my life have I had to kill a serpent!'

" 'Hold on, boys!' the old man cried.

"They had armed themselves with sticks, ready to belabor the snake.

" 'Hold on, boys, wait a bit,' the old man commanded, 'our president here has never had a chance to kill a serpent; let him try his hand at it.'

"What was I to do? I killed it. If I'm compelled to do so, I'll kill some more; if I have my way about it, I'll never lift a finger against one—for they're clever, they are; they hiss to give warning, but the cattle never hear; they keep right on. And our peasants are no better than the cattle. What's the price of a pair of clogs, I'd like to know? Anyone can make a pair out of an old boot. No, blockheads that they are, they'll go on digging their bare feet into the swamp."

(Translated from the Russian by M. Budberg).

LETTER TO A WOMAN

by

Sergei Essenin

*You remember,
You, of course, remember all,
How then I stood,
Moving nearer to the wall;
Excitedly you walked about the room
And in my face
Kept throwing something shrill.*

*You said :
It was time for us to part,
That you could bear
My crazy life no longer,
That it was time for you to get to business,
And that my part—
Was to roll deeper, down.*

*Beloved !
You did not love me,
You did not know that in this crowded world
I, like a horse, was spurred
And by a daring rider chased to foam.
You did not know,
That in this ceaseless smoke,
This storm-tossed life,
This is my torment that I cannot understand,
Whither the destiny of days is bearing us.*

SERHEL ESSENIN

*Face to face
One cannot see the face.
The great is only seen at distance.
When the smooth sea boils,
The ship is in a pitiful condition.*

*The Earth's a ship!
And someone suddenly,
For the sake of a new life and fame,
Into the very thick of storm and whirlwind
Launched it in a lordly way.*

*Well, who of us upon a deck so wide
Has never fallen, vomited or sworn?
There are few with soul's experience
Who in the rolling storm have remained strong.*

*It was then that I,
To noises wild,
Yet knowing well my work,
Let myself down into the steamer's hold,
So as not to gaze on human sickness.*

*That hold
Was the Russian tavern
And over the glass I bowed,
That, without suffering for others, I might destroy
myself in fumes of drink.*

*Beloved!
I tormented you,
And there was anguish
In your tired eyes,
That, openly before you,
I should have spent myself in scandals.*

THIS QUARTER

*But you did not know
That in the thick of smoke,
That in this life unrolled and tossed by storm,
This is my torment,
That I cannot understand
Whither the destiny of days is bearing us.*

(Translated from the Russian by George Reavey)

THE LADY IN THE CELLAR

by

Ralph Cheever Dunning.

*The bedroom of Captain Upton at his country place.
He is sitting at a writing table in his drawing
room. Enter John, his soldier servant.*

UPTON : Have they found the body yet, John ?

JOHN : No, sir, but they're pokin' round the cellar very perserverin' like.

UPTON : Well you must keep me informed and as soon as it is found let me know. I will then shoot myself.

JOHN : Oh you 'ave a good chance yet, sir. It was a good idea of mine to put 'er in that 'ole in the wall and then brick it up. They can mess about with the floors as long as they like but so long as they don't take to pullin' down the walls they won't find no 'criminating evidence.

UPTON : It was funny those police didn't believe my story of her jumping out of the window and vanishing in the bushes. My saying she had her night dress on seemed to spoil it.

JOHN : It was a tall story, sir. Ladies don't often disappear with nothin' but a night dress. But what brought the police was that new maid Eliza 'earin' her scream and then talkin' about it when your lady didn't show up today.

UPTON : When do you suppose it was ? I don't remember any screaming.

THIS QUARTER

JOHN : It was just when you started chokin' her and I come in. You looked up and said you'd give me five thousand to keep still and knock her on the 'ead which I did with a golf stick.

UPTON : Yes, I remember now. I never could have strangled her. She was much too strong although I often told her I would. Her remarks at breakfast used to spoil my whole day. She had such a nasty tongue. Besides, I used to need money.

JOHN : Yes, she was nasty that way.

UPTON : What were you before you took service ?

JOHN : I was a burglar, sir. Never made a go of it though. Never could work alone and always had to divy up with a gang. Very small pickin's it were.

UPTON : Well you'll have five thousand as soon as I get my late wife's money. Isn't that the search party leaving ?

JOHN : (*Looking out of window*) Yes, that's them.

UPTON : Don't you think it would have made a better impression if I had accompanied the police in the search ?

JOHN : Oh, no, sir. You are supposed to be hovercome by the tragedy.

UPTON : Well you might go down into the cellar and look things over. Come back at once.

JOHN : Very well, sir. (*Exit.*)

UPTON : (*Walking about the room*) Well I'm damned. Well, well, well.

(*Enter John.*)

UPTON : Any news, John.

JOHN : Yes, sir. She's moanin', sir.

UPTON : Who's moaning ?

JOHN : Her.

UPTON : You mean Mrs. Upton ?

JOHN : Yes, sir.

UPTON : You must have imagined it.

JOHN : No, sir, I put my ear to the wall and heard

RELPH CHEEVER DUNNING

her moanin' behind it in the hole there. And what's more, just when I was on the stairs, she began to screech a bit.

UPTON : Well but—Why in hell didn't you clump her harder ?

JOHN : What did you stop chockin' 'er for ?

UPTON : Because my fingers hurt.

JOHN : What shall we do now ? Go down and kill 'er all over again ?

UPTON : I say John, couldn't you go down—remove just a few bricks and stick the carving knife into her ?

JOHN : Not alone, sir. I never could do jobs alone. You come along and we'll do 'it.

UPTON : No, it's impossible. I couldn't do it unless I remembered her last nasty remark and I can't. Memo-ry's damn bad lately.

JOHN : Well, maybe she'll just quiet down by herself.

UPTON : Go down again and listen.

JOHN : Very well, sir.

(Exists for two minutes, then enters somewhat out of breath.)

UPTON : Well ?

JOHN : Shriekin' regular, sir. Ten second intervals. Malice aforethought I calls it.

UPTON : How far could you hear her ?

JOHN : I 'eard her last just at the top of the cellar stairs, sir.

UPTON : That's very bad. We are certainly in a very unpleasant position, John. I think I had better shoot myself.

JOHN : That might do, sir.

UPTON : Then again we might go and save her, and tell the police we found her wandering in the garden in a demented state.

JOHN : Very good idea, sir.

UPTON : After all she was a fine woman in some ways, John, and she stripped damn well.

THIS QUARTER

JOHN : Lord Haddington and Mr. Thorton both said the same, sir.

UPTON : Well they are good judges. It's nice to have your own opinion confirmed sometimes. Did you hear anything, John ?

JOHN : Oh, not from here, sir. You couldn't possibly 'ear 'er from 'ere, sir.

UPTON : On the other hand she had a most nasty tongue and I need that money.

JOHN : I certainly could do with five thousand, sir.

UPTON : This is a terrible position to be in. You might leave me for five minutes, John, while I think it out.

JOHN : Very well, sir, but don' take too long.

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SUMMER NIGHT, SUBURBIA

by

Mary Dreyspring

*She sits under a bright light
On a plush sofa
And does fancy work
This summer night.*

*While far away the street car
Bumps down hill.
She plies her needle diligently
This warm night,
And the fireflies are sparking outside,
And how loud the kary-dids sing !*

*The moon is playing hide and seek
With leaf shadows on the ground
And spinning, spinning endlessly.
What is she spinning so diligently under the
blue heavens ?
It is a net to catch the dreams of mortals
Who have not stopped their ears too tight
with clay,
Nor their minds too full with learning,
As they pass by under the soft-breathing
acanthus trees
This summer night.*

MR. JOYCE AND MR. GILBERT

by

Montgomery Belgion

Why do we read?

The obvious answer will be that the reason varies with the occasion.

Sometimes our reading is simply for information. We wish or have to understand a subject and we arrive at this by "reading up" the subject. Or we desire to learn what has happened and we pick up a newspaper.

At other times we read in order to be able to engage in conversation. Books of the lighter sort furnish a recognized topic of small talk. There is only one rule for that topic's introduction to such talk. One must be up to date. Hence the newly published work which has been enthusiastically noticed by the fashionable reviewers, which we see prominently advertised, which the literary gossips declare is being talked about—this newly published work we hasten to read.

Again our reading may be in pursuit of culture. Culture, we know on authority, is "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world," and so reading for culture must be, like the reading of the newspaper, a quest for information. Nevertheless we usually regard this reading as in a class of its own.

Finally—and then, of course, our reading has to be of imaginative literature : poetry or one of the great novels—we may read for the sake of the revelation. Either we seek to be carried into a world of the writer's own, different from the world in which we live and yet

perhaps, so we tell ourselves, more real, or else we hope to be stirred to exhilaration, an exhilaration in which we have, we know not how, a new understanding of life.

Such are the various reasons for which it will obviously be said that we read.

But this obvious answer to the question : Why do we read is a wrong answer.

Consider, to begin with, our reading simply for information. Even those persons who never read anything but sporting news or stock market reports appear to be affected by the manner in which the information is conveyed. The evidence of this lies, for example, in the size of the followings certain able reporters of cricket or baseball enjoy. Indeed, on how the informative writer imparts his information often depends the reader's grasping of it. This kind of writer is a teacher, and whether or not one is to learn from a teacher is quite as much a question of manner as one of matter. The learning of mathematics is a case in point.

Then consider our reading for conversational purposes. How do the latest books of the lighter sort come to be a customary topic of small talk ? Unquestionably it can only be because both we and our interlocutors find something in such books themselves. We never read for the sake of conversation alone, for if we did there could not be any conversation about reading.

So again, though culture may, it is true, be pursued, it can never be attained through mere reading. And Matthew Arnold's definition of culture, which I quoted above, is inaccurate. A man may ascertain which are the books containing "the best that has been known and said in the world" and read every one of them, yet remain at the end of his pains still uncultivated. To possess culture is, in fact, not only to be acquainted "with the best that has been known and said in the world," but also to know why it is the best; and this knowledge books alone cannot supply. He who would be cultured must be able

THIS QUARTER

to think for himself. Not, however, in order to reach conclusions different from those already established, but in order to arrive at those same conclusions on his own account. The mastery of Euclid does not involve the devising of new theorems; it consists only in the direct apprehending of the necessities affirmed in Euclid's own theorems. So the sign of culture is not the flaunting of tradition; its sign is the direct understanding of why tradition is as it is. The latter is more difficult than the former. To flaunt tradition is open to any one; understanding why the best is the best requires brain. Thus, culture is accessible only to those with a certain mental ability. Further, mental ability in any particular line seems always to be accompanied by a delight in that line's subject-matter; and, in the special case of literature, it is impossible to understand for oneself why the best is the best unless one enjoys reading for reading's sake. Accordingly, those who read and grow cultivated as a result of their reading, will never read with the primary object of attaining culture; they will read primarily because they like reading. As for those who, lacking the capacity to turn reading into culture, yet embark upon reading in the belief that it will yield culture to them, obviously they will read without ever becoming cultivated, i. e. attaining their object, and if they go on reading, it must be for some other reason. They also must read for reading's sake. The pursuit of culture, then, is no reason why we read.

There remains the claim that we may read for the revelation. It too is a claim which cannot be entertained, because there is no revelation ever vouchsafed in reading. Of course we often learn from reading, but such learning is of the nature of acquiring information, not of receiving a revelation. There is no world of the writer's own more real than the world in which we live. All we can mean is that the writer stimulates us to reverie. Again, the exhilaration with which some literary works can fill

MONTGOMERY BELGION

their readers is never accompanied by a new understanding of life. What we mistake for a new understanding is the exhilaration itself. We read, not for the revelation, but for this exhilaration.

There can then be but one real reason why we read.

Either we do not read or we read because we delight in the spell which the sequences of printed words cast over us as we apprehend them. When a person is truly reading, he will forget appointments, even the appointment with his bed; he will be oblivious to the chilliness which accompanies the fire's dying out and even to the call of hunger. If we come upon him unawares and catch a glimpse of his rapt face, we shall say that he is absorbed. It is solely in the hope of being thus absorbed that any one of us ever picks up a book, and it is solely because we frequently do get thus absorbed that those of us who read pick up a book so often. There is no other reason.

Until a century and a half ago this was, indeed, commonly admitted. In a notable interview, often quoted since, which the late Jacques Rivière gave to the *Journal du Peuple* in April, 1923, he said :

Au xvii^e siècle, si l'idée était venue à quelqu'un de demander à Molière ou à Racine pourquoi ils écrivaient, ils n'eussent sans doute pas pu trouver d'autre réponse que : 'Pour distraire les honnêtes gens.' C'est avec le romantisme seulement que l'acte littéraire a commencé à être conçu comme une sorte de tentative sur l'absolu et son résultat comme une révélation.

If the Romantics' conception of the act of writing and of its result was a true one, it is very strange that it was not arrived at earlier. And if we look into the facts, as I have tried to do, we find that such a conception cannot be justified. The writer is primarily an entertainer, and

THIS QUARTER

ostensibly no more than an entertainer. For books are simply drugs, and the readers of books "drug addicts."

But although the writer is ostensibly no more than an entertainer, he is actually something more. In calling books drugs, we invite ourselves to see this. For there are no innocent drugs. The drug we absorb from books does not act, as does opium, cocaine, or alcohol, on the body; and hence its effect may not be readily discernible. Nevertheless it does act—on the mind.

One may agree with Jacques Rivière that the writer should not regard himself as a peculiar kind of priest; let him see himself simply as an artist. But if that is how the writer may best view himself, it is not how he should be viewed by the critic. This action which books have on the mind requires to be taken into consideration. We recognize readily enough that the authors of treatises, essays, or biographies, invariably write from a "point-of-view." Yet at the same time we commonly allow ourselves to believe that the imaginative writer, and especially the writer of narrative, is able to depict life exactly as it is. The belief is nonsense. You cannot devise a sequence of imaginary events without holding, consciously or unconsciously, some theory as to how events succeed one another. But just as the reader of the treatise, essay, or biography, will not be aware that what he reads has been written from a particular point of view, unless he is already familiar with other points of view on the same subject, so the reader of narrative, unless he has a pretty strong rival theory, will not see that the narrator is not telling him about real life, but only inviting him, in the most persuasive manner possible, to accept a theory about that life. And inasmuch as just now most of us are without any strongly held theory of our own as to how life happens, it is surely the critic's duty to enlighten potential readers of a narrative as to the nature of the theory about life they will, in that work, be invited to accept.

MONTGOMERY BELGION

Now it is in the light of all this that we should judge Mr. Stuart Gilbert's remarkable study, *James Joyce's "Ulysses"*. Nearly nine years have now elapsed since *Ulysses* was published, and although we see that the writing of it was a colossal undertaking, that the result is thoroughly original, that an immense range of knowledge has been drawn upon for its production, and although we have been told that it effects a revolution in English style, one cannot pretend that we have so far been able to make up our minds about it. This Mr. Gilbert has understood, and hence he has put all his knowledge of Mr. Joyce, his deep acquaintance with *Ulysses* itself, and his own wide erudition, into the making of this commentary. But either *James Joyce's "Ulysses"* elucidates *Ulysses* for us, or it has been written in vain.

And the questions which an effective elucidation of *Ulysses* must answer are three. Obviously the unprepared reader, and even the unprepared expert reader who is the critic, cannot be absorbed by the reading of this novel as he can by the reading of any one of the great novels of the past. But that does not mean that the reader could not somehow be absorbed by the reading of it. There are a number of great works of imaginative literature which have the capacity of rendering their readers absorbed only if those readers have first prepared themselves for their reading. An example nowadays is *The Divine Comedy*. Quite possibly *Ulysses* is in the same category. And the main question urgently calling for an answer is whether or not *Ulysses* is in this category, and what, if it is, the reader has to do by way of preparation for enjoying the reading of it.

Next there is the question raised by Mr. Joyce's style, or rather, as it has been termed, absence of style. It is beside the point to tell us that Mr. Joyce has sought to record a human being's internal monologue. We want to know how his peculiar manner of writing is meant to minister to the reader's enjoyment of reading him, how

THIS QUARTER

he intends the reader of *Ulysses* should be caught in that spell for the sole sake of which we read.

Finally, since *Ulysses* is a narrative, it must illustrate a theory of how life happens, and this theory being far from apparent even to the critic, the third question is what can the theory be.

These three questions Mr. Gilbert has unfortunately ignored. It may well be that his book will help the man who is ultimately to answer them for us, but for us directly it is, in spite of all the labour that has gone into it, an irrelevance.

SARTOR RESARTUS

Being Comment upon a Commentary,

by

Edward W. Titus.

We all know the person with a chip on his shoulder. Often he tries our patience, and continually we have our troubles with him. Hence we avoid him as much as we are able, but he is ubiquitous, as the poor. Alms may satisfy the latter, but *him*, the veriest manna would not content.

Incalculably worse than the individual with the chip on his shoulder, is he who carries chips on both shoulders at once,—on both, to make sure that whichever side the jostling may happen to come from, one chip at least will unfailingly be bumped off in the looked-for adventure. It is essential to his happiness that this should be so,—a happiness not always joyous perhaps, but, we must remember, the pursuit of happiness only rarely runs its course by ways that are not devious and unaccountable. The two-chip-carriers—Providence be thanked—are much less frequently to be met with than the one-chip variety, yet few as they are, they would seriously menace even the little peace of mind humanity is still permitted to enjoy, were it not for the rewarding circumstance that, on occasions, they excite our risibilities.

For the pointing out of the pertinence, such as may be, of these observations, the writer would like to reserve a later stage of this discussion.

THIS QUARTER



Transition, now enshrined in literary history, in a manifesto carrying a limited number of more or less representative names, had one morning startled its readers by stridently proclaiming the *Revolution of the Word*. The pivotal point round which, as children round the mulberry bush, swayed the revolutionary pageant was : "*The writer expresses; he does not communicate. The Plain Reader be damned!*" Discussion, pro and contra, followed this resonant war slogan, for a brief season. Even such a staid organ as *Harper's Magazine* opened its pages to Mr. Max Eastman who, having allowed himself to become inveigled into the chimerical debate, published, in opposition, two interesting papers, entitled *The Cult of Unintelligibility*.

Amongst the subscribers to that proclamation figured Mr. Stuart Gilbert,—the same whose *James Joyce's Ulysses, a Study* (London, Faber and Faber, 2 is.), is now before us ⁽¹⁾.

Mr. Joyce, it will be remembered, was a constant contributor to *Transition*, with one or two interruptions, due, it seems, to illness. When his contributions were definitely suspended, *Transition* itself suspended publication. Whether there was any causal connection between those two events; whether each or both were due to the recent discovery by a wag that *transition*, read backward, spelled *no it isn't art*; or whether the whole enterprise was from

(1) Mr. Stuart Gilbert, it appears, is a jurist who, having retired from the practice of his profession, settled down in Paris, where he *went native* in the milieu of the *Transition* group of fantasts, since dispersed in search of happier hunting grounds. Lately he has published also a translation of Edouard Dujardin's deservedly long-forgotten novel, *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, revived owing to Mr. James Joyce's disclosure that the *monologue intérieur*, characteristic of his own *Ulysses*, had been used also by Dujardin, over thirty years ago.

the beginning planned deliberately as a hoax which, together with the irritation that may well have followed disclosure of two so embarrassing circumstances, was responsible for the cessation of Mr. Joyce's contributions and the consequent demise of the magazine itself, will probably never be known.

Mr. Gilbert, on the other hand, has, since the publication of the manifesto of the *Il Pagliacci* of the Revolution of the Word, and up to the passing of *Transition*, never ceased to identify himself closely with the movement. His last article, under the caption *The Creator is not a Public Servant*, appeared in the valedictory issue of that magazine and contained the following two paragraphs. Their uncompromising content is typical, from first to last, of the literary theory whereof he had constituted himself the mouthpiece :

"The creative artist is irresponsible, neither a servant nor savior of society. When the IDEA germinates in his brain, no contraceptive will prevent its bringing forth. He does not care a rap whether the child be a good citizen, make good cannon-fodder in the next Great War for Liberty and Justice, speak King's English, act the gentleman or skunk, make himself misunderstood or lucid, 'communicate' or godlessly declare himself a non-communicant."

"How can he (the artist) pause to ask 'Is this intelligible?' or whether he has a 'message' for humanity. Humanity, or the 'humanities', social progress—all these are catchwords, irritant mosquitoes buzzing round the enfleshed vehicle of creative inspiration. No one understands him; very well, let him be misunderstood. *Qu'importe!* In a thousand years, perhaps—but even that does not much matter."

Committed thus beyond all peradventure, as Mr. Gilbert had pronounced himself to be, to the devil-take-the-

THIS QUARTER

hindmost conception of *expression* sans responsibility, communication, understanding and intelligibility,—the appearance, from his pen, of a commentary on Joyce's *Ulysses*, confessedly intended to smooth the way for the better understanding and the vulgarization of that singular work, will assuredly furnish lively entertainment, alike to those who admire and those who disapprove of *Ulysses*. Possession of the smallest trace of humor should have made it apparent to all concerned that if there was any real need for such a commentary, Stuart Gilbert, estimable, able and erudite as he may be—add any other laudable qualities that you like—was the last person under heaven to have undertaken the task.

Seriously, what is one to say of a man who, having addressed uncivilities to the Plain Reader; avowed enmity and contempt for all social considerations, amenities and instincts on the part of the artist; denied that it was necessary for the artist to make himself lucid and his output communicable, and blatantly proclaimed the latter's all but celestial independence of contemporary as well as posthumous appreciation; what, forsooth, is one to say of a man who, having done all that, comes now before that same Plain Reader he had so roundly abused, comes to elucidate, expound and construe Joyce's *Ulysses*, the purport of its symbolism, technique, its speech and derivation, in fear and trembling lest "its structure and true import might be misapprehended, its influence prove misleading, not to say pernicious?"

This, literatim and verbatim, from Mr. Gilbert's preface: "...in the case of a book which is destined to take a permanent place in the world's literature (especially in the case of a work so rich in 'local color' ⁽²⁾ so allusive and

(2) "The statement for instance that in order to make any sense out of *Ulysses* one must be intimately acquainted with life and individualities in Dublin anno 1904 is perfectly silly." Herbert S. Gorman, *James Joyce, His First Forty Years*, p. 134.

so intricate as *Ulysses*), a commentary at some time becomes necessary; it is in recognition of that necessity that, for better or worse, the commentary which follows, has been compiled." — Has self-stultification ever gone to greater length? Faith ever been so denied, save under harshest duress, in torment and mortal fear?

To 'compile' this commentary, its author has ransacked the literatures of far-flung countries. The Orient and the Occident have been laid under tribute. The occult sciences have been pressed into service. A complicated chart—a very abracadabra, that chart—has been devised. Erudition—rather second-hand, perhaps, but still erudition—parades on every page. Minutest details in the text are bolstered up by quantities of notes of reference. But most of the dipping has been done into Homer, since "it is in the story of the *Odyssey* — so the commentator asserts — that we may find a clue to the obscurities in this epic of a Dublin day." Mr. Joyce's earlier work, *Dubliners*, but mainly *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, also has been enlisted in support of the expository thesis. "This, Mr. Joyce's first full-length novel is almost entirely biographical. In it many of the æsthetic conceptions on which *Ulysses* is based are expounded by the 'young man,' Stephen Dedalus; a careful perusal of the *Portrait* is indispensable for the proper understanding of *Ulysses*"—so reads a footnote on p. 15.

All that barrage of learning, authority, research, collation, argument, thesis and hypothesis, is let loose in comment, and in support of the comment, on the monumental work of James Joyce, an artist who, whether he liked it or not, had been appropriated for their very own — another Assumption, one might say—by the Illuminati, exalted by them as the Fountain head itself, from which sprang the sacred stream—now dried up, alas, —yielding the spiritual waters wherein bathed and dis-

THIS QUARTER

ported themselves the merry opera bouffe Revolutionaries of the Word. He was the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire that led the way and gave light to the word-drunken *transitionists*, and they sank down in the dust before him and fawned upon him. And cloud and fire that he was to them, yet they were lost in the midst of the sea of verbiage : there remained not so much as one of them. Leastwise, one there was who had remained behind, a solitary one, and he threw away the heritage, smashed up the tables of the covenant and set himself up as a profane interpreter, whereas he should have abided a blind, humble, brute, un-understanding servitor, of him whose holy destiny it was to remain misunderstood and serenely uncommunicative, in all eternity.

*
* *

Mr. Gerald Gould, the poet and critic, writing recently of Mr. Gilbert's study, said that there seemed no way of reviewing it fairly. Nor, indeed, is there one to review it unfairly. It merits only to be laughed out of court or entirely ignored. The eminence, the undenied and undeniable genius of the personality concerned in it alone saves the book from that fate and is, indeed, the sole reason of this writer's preoccupation with it.

In the preceding pages the book's sincerity has been questioned. But it lacks also plausibility. To lend itself to reviewing, a literary work should possess both those elements, at least. The preface already strikes the note of the book's inconclusiveness. And while the work is quite patently intended as a well-deserved tribute to Mr. Joyce and his epochal creation, it would not be surprising, if the author had completely missed his guess.

The attempt at facetiousness in the initial paragraph of the preface is not sufficient to overcome the lingering impression of insincerity, ill-concealed in the opening two

sentences: "*Ulysses* is a work which not only seems obscure, but it is also somewhat inaccessible. In writing this commentary I have borne in mind the unusual circumstance that, though *Ulysses* is probably the most-discussed literary work that has appeared in our time, the book itself is hardly more than a name to many." Good puzzle would be : find a book, any book, that would not be *somewhat* inaccessible. In reality *Ulysses* is not as inaccessible as Mr. Gilbert would have us believe. Many popular authors would be quite contented to have their books, numerically and geographically, as accessible as *Ulysses*. Its astute publishers have admirably understood how to take care of that end of the question, and the rare ability and perseverance they have directed to that end is here acknowledged freely and without reserve. But—and that is much more to the point—how is one to believe it possible, that the book is hardly more than a name to many, as the preface insists it is, when it is confessedly the most discussed literary work that has appeared in our time? *Etwas klappt hier nicht!*

One is much bewildered by the commentator's unruffled serenity and his disregard of dignity of accepted language when one discovers him saying in one place : "The author, Mr. Joyce, never supplies prefaces or critical notes on his work, never gives lectures or interviews, *never employs devices by which certain modern writers are enabled to 'explain themselves' in public*", and, in another place, in the preface, precisely this: "I must, first of all, acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Joyce himself, to whose *assistance and encouragement* this work owes whatever of merit it may possess." Appalling must be Mr. Gilbert's infatuation with his hero, if it can so denude him of every vestige of his erstwhile legal training as to cause him to forget even that ancient and elementary maxim of the law : *Qui facit per alium facit per se?* The conclusion is unavoidable that either he takes too much for granted the immaturity of his readers or that what-

THIS QUARTER

ever literary integrity there may abide in his production, was intended to be only of the specific kind that one generally associates with and expects to find in professional pamphleteering, or in what is known as publishers' *blurbs*. The last seems to be the most probable when one finds (p. 9) staring one in the face such a merchandise-boosting *spiel* as : "the serious reader should (if he has not already done so) buy, borrow or purloin a copy of the complete book," — meaning *Ulysses* in the original.



Perhaps it may by now have become apparent to the reader that Mr. Gilbert's deep and so vehemently revealed concern, lest—may the gods forbend such a calamity—the artist abase himself to the depth of profane communion with the obtuse and benighted Plain Reader, constitutes the—at the outset allusively discoursed of—metaphorical chip he carries on one of his shoulders, while the rather displayful, dogmatic and gratuitous exegesis of *Ulysses*, pursued so assiduously, and the crying need of which he urges with such impetuous impressment, to ensure that same obtuse and benighted Plain Reader's enlightenment, constitute, in turn, the chip he carries on his opposite shoulder.

And so, in order to explain and clear away real or fancied obscurities in the text of *Ulysses*, he provides the reader with 'correspondences' or analogies, chiefly from Homer's *Odyssey*, round which Joyce is supposed to have planned the bare framework of his 'epic of a Dublin day.' Frankly, the logic, if any exists, of such a procedure eludes this writer : A correspondence, if it is to correspond, must be one; and if it is to correspond to an obscurity, must itself be one. Not very helpful, that, in all conscience. Still, there may well be some shrewd distinction hidden away in the method, too subtle for our perception. Per-

haps discretion would counsel that the point be not pressed, for the author who, it is believed, had spent many years in the Orient, may have absorbed an Easterner's subtlety of spirit against which it might not be comfortable to maintain oneself. Indeed, competent testimony is available of his qualification as an Orientalist, in the guise of a most relishable *blurb* he had written for a superb edition of a new rendering into English of the *Ruba'iyat*, the work of an inveterate Omar enthusiast who prefers to be known by his pen-name 'Tis True.' Much may be forgiven Mr. Gilbert for his interest in that extraordinary rendition of a classic.

Just the same, both as bearing on the reproach of lack of plausibility in this new presentation of Joyce's masterpiece and as illustrating just how the avalanche of 'correspondences' between Homer's *Odyssey* and *Ulysses* works out in practice, a specimen or two, taken at random, perhaps had better be given. A judgment of a sort may thus be arrived at as to any likelihood of the book proving helpful to the supposedly floundering reader :

On p. 61, this quotation from Joyce appears : "Spouse and helpmate of Adam Kadmon : Heva, naked Eve. She had no navel. Gaze. Belly without blemish, bulging big, a buckler of taut vellum, no, whiteheaped corn, orient and immortal, standing from everlasting to everlasting." All perfectly good English words, aren't they ? Nothing very mysterious about them; nothing terribly obscure; rather good poetry. But the commentator must interpose : "the image of the 'buckler of taut vellum' is derived from the Homeric association, for the Achæan shields were adorned with 'whiteheaped' *omphaloi* (bosses)."(3) Having thus been jolly well told where to

(3) The Homeric obsession goes to the length of blinding Mr. Gilbert to, or causing him to ignore the pat, if not closer biblical analogy : "Thy belly... is like an heap of wheat..." Solomon's Song, 7.2.

THIS QUARTER

get off, we try another : p. 120. "A view of the Pigeon-house and the recall of a French pasquinade on that holy bird lead his (Stephen's) thoughts back to Paris days." Here we are referred to a footnote of this purport : "An old chronicle tells us that the Danish nobles 'sent their sons to Paris to prepare themselves not only for the ecclesiastical career, but also to gain a knowledge of mundane affairs'. The Achæans adopted from the Egyptians the linen *chiton* and the supple coat of mail in lieu of leather garments and rigid armour. Stephen adopted the 'latin quarter hat' and taste for 'black' tea." — What the h...! Excuse us, please.

Just one more : Mrs. Bloom, Molly,—readers of *Ulysses* will agree—is a character made notable chiefly for the tossing off at a single clip, in the form of the notorious interior dialogue, of an entirely unpunctuated harangue of no less than 41 solidly printed pages. This one famous speech was responsible, without exaggeration, for the sale of many more thousands of copies of this incomprehensible (?) book than a fragment of an equal number of pages, in any other known book, had ever before been credited with selling. But the very simple fact that Molly Bloom was, on her mother's side, of Spanish descent and born at Gibraltar, serves the expounder of *Ulysses* as a reason for digging deep into Irish history as far back as A. M. 2850, and that for the best part of three closely printed pages : all this with no more valid excuse than the sketching of the outline of the legendary connexion between the ancient Irish *and* the Mediterranean (pp. 74-76). From that he goes on to the analogy between the history of Dublin and the condition of the Homeric Age as described in the *Odyssey*; breaks off precipitately for no apparent reason, and gives, on pp. 76-78, a dissertation explaining how it is that Dublin owes its importance, if not its origin, to the—NORSEMEN! And so he rambles on endlessly to a degree of over-saturation that cannot but in the end beget a loathing for the

very memory of the day when one had first heard of *Ulysses* or the *Odyssey*.

The one Homeric analogy that the mind seizes and holds fast to, after it has laboured through the thicket of the Gilbertian — *nomen est omen* and brings back more blithe associations — commentary is not so much between *Ulysses* and the *Odyssey*, as between Homer and writers in general, and Homer and the annotator of *Ulysses* in particular; but on that analogy the book observes complete silence : Homer sometimes nodded and, loyal to venerable precedent, they, too, have been prone to nodding from that day to this. Would that in certain desperate instances their nodding had, by some law of progression, passed into sound and uninterrupted slumber.



Unless there existed some ulterior reason, it may well be wondered why, to his arduous commentator's task, the author has added that of the advocate as well. To defend at this time, as he attempts, Mr. Joyce against charges of obscenity, charges made well-nigh universally after the publication of *Ulysses*, made even by eminent admirers of Joyce, and, in defending him, to single out for comment one denunciatory placard issued by an English 'racing journal', is downright funny. No less amusing are his statements—two in one breath : "It is of course no defence of obscenity to say that nature is obscene" and then, close on its heels, "but obscenity has its place in the scheme of things, and a picture of life in which this element is ignored or suppressed, would be incomplete." This is rank evasion. The choice is open to the artist, unless he be a manikin without will, the slave of his art instead of creator, between segments of life into which obscene elements never enter, and those into which they do, for, surely, obscenity is not ambient in all of

THIS QUARTER

life's manifestations, even in Dublin. If he chooses the latter, that is quite within his rights as an artist, only opinion has immemorially differed on just how sensibly these are likely to disturb established social rhythms. The artist's integrity—in the present instance undeniably of the highest—will sometimes attenuate the social rigor, but should it fail to do so, the onus of opposition must be borne, sometimes perhaps even to his greater glory. In this light, the argument in attempted justification or exoneration that “the object of the author of *Ulysses* was to present an æsthetic image of the world,” is pointless; it is even refuted by Mr. Gilbert himself in his immediately following assertion that “*Ulysses* is the story of a day in the life of a Dubliner”, and so devoid of the cosmic aspirations claimed for it.

One is inclined to believe that Mr. Gilbert would be on much sounder ground were he to go in pursuit not of the artist's *object* which is, fundamentally, to *express* himself; not his idea, always tiptoeing on the brink of expression, but, instead, the experience that has kindled the impulse to express one idea rather than another. That way lies just and coherent exegesis.

It is not unlikely that he may have had some such scheme of approach vaguely in mind. At least one may perhaps assume as much from his observation, p. 34, to the effect that “perhaps, the author of *Ulysses* has never quite outgrown the rancours of the young protagonist of the *Portrait*, ” which Mr. Herbert S. Gorman, in his much earlier work on Joyce expressed with more directness when he stated “that the obscenity, the unspeakable vulgarity, the deliberately flaunted filth of portions of *Ulysses* are the direct result of a startled recoil from terrific mental and moral oppression of the Church. It is the wounded snarl of bitterness....” And still more direct confirmation is furnished by Mr. Joyce himself in an almost unknown poem of his, *The Holy Office*, containing about a hundred lines. Its approximate date is 1908. The

EDWARD W. TITUS

significance of the poem should be sufficiently apparent from the following lines :

“.....

*But all these men of whom I speak
Make me the sewer of their clique.
That they may dream their dreamy dreams
I carry of their filthy streams.
For I can do those things for them
Through which I lost my diadem,
Those things for which Grandmother Church
Left me severely in the lurch.*

.....

*And though they spurn me from their door,
My soul shall spurn them evermore.”*

THE EARTH-BOUND

by

Janet Lewis

*Still grove and hill and shadowy grot,
The flesh of our celestial thought,
Trammel the mind, however bent
Upon the heavenly argument.*

*The spring of wisdom ever flows
Pure shining water as it goes
Over the rocks and through the grass
Whither we stoop to hear it pass;*

*And healing is a tree whose leaves
Fall round us like the falling sleeves
Of love, that, bending down at night,
Covers with them a face alight.*

*Tangled with earth all ways we move,
And sleep at last in heaven that is a grove.*

WITH THE SPRING

by

Janet Lewis

The house was a long, low, mulberry colored affair, standing far back on the lot. A huge old oak leaned over it from the north, dropping rigid branches on which the small dark leaves were clotted like clusters of small birds. The grass, which had been burnt over a few days previously, was partly blackened ash and partly tawn, the black and the straw-color running into each other in strange designs. Near the house along the sheltered south wall a row of grape vines spread out their bright green leaves, the only really vivid green in sight. On the front of the lot a small new house stood in a plot of raw earth still splattered with mortar, its walls freshly painted a light grey, and shining in the sunlight.

Between the old house and the new one, a square two-storied building which had once been a tank house for the berry ranch did duty as a garage. It also was a mulberry color. The paint had been thinly applied a long time ago, and now the grain of the wood was making itself seen under the warm soft purple in little waves of faint rosiny gold. The long, one-storied building and the high square one made together a nice composition from almost any angle, a composition from which the little new house was excluded entirely, by its shape, its color, and the way it turned its back on the group.

A tea party was going on in the old house. The windows were open to the summer afternoon, and the ladies, glancing through them, could see on the one

THIS QUARTER

side the curtain of sparse oak boughs and on the other the trellis of bright leaves. A woman with a girlish face and drooping girlish figure sat near a window, on a day-bed.

She wore a white dress with a skirt longer than was then fashionable, and her hair, done up in a knob at the back of her head, was soft and fluffy like a child's. She was the owner and occupant of the new house, and the landlady of the old.

The hostess, a young woman, was passing sandwiches. Her guests, except the woman in white, were older than herself, prosperous, carefully dressed, and rather formal. One of them, a large woman with a delicately featured head, spoke of a plague of worms which had threatened the trees of the neighborhood a year or two before.

"They hung down everywhere from our oaks," she said, "and the poor trees! They were brown long before summer. I don't know what was the matter with the birds. They ought to have eaten them up."

The woman on the bed nodded, resting the sandwich which she held in her hand against the edge of her teacup. "I remember," she said. "There wasn't a bird. I remember because it was the summer after my husband died. We always used to listen to the birds, and that summer there wasn't a bird. The oak tree was just pitiful. It looked so neglected." She smiled as she spoke. Her voice was gentle and hesitating, but quite self-possessed. She dropped the remark into the slight confusion and sunniness of the room as if it were the most natural remark in the world to make at a tea party.

The hostess paused, the plate in her hand, feeling a quiver of apprehension. Her emotion was half for her guest, and half for the gaiety of her party; but nothing happened. The woman with the fine head said at once, "There are plenty of birds this year, the little scamps. They wake me up too early every morning." She added in explanation, "We have a rookery next door."

JANET LEWIS

"Oh, rooks," said the woman in the white dress, and laughed.

The sandwiches went on around the room.

A little later that same afternoon she said, "No, I don't think this was ever really a chicken-house, though it looks like it. The chicken-house is farther back on the lot. It was a berry ranch, this place, when we bought it, but my husband thought we could make a fortune out of chickens. My, the time and worry I spent over those chickens! I did everything for them except cure them of the gapes. I just couldn't do that. Eric had to do that for me." She paused and laughed, the same slight laugh as before, gentle, unembittered, humorous, although ever so faintly so. "I used to say to my husband, if I'd only spend half the energy in looking after you that I spend on those chickens, maybe you'd get well."

To the young woman at the tea table it seemed as if nothing could have been more tragic than that statement, and yet the tea party went on as before. Not a shadow fell into the room. Everyone seemed to take it as it was offered, a whimsical, half-gay anecdote. Two of the ladies laughed, and the woman with the fine head smiled brightly, if briefly, so that there was no knowing what echoes of sorrow it may have stirred in levels of the mind that have nothing to do with tea parties.

The day they had come to look at the house, the two young people, before renting it, Mrs. Norberg had told them the fact of her husband's death two years before, and that she meant to sell the new grey house as soon as she could build another. There was room for three or four more small houses on the big lot, and she thought that by subdividing and overseeing the building herself she could make enough money to get on her feet again. "He was sick three years before he died," she said, "and so there wasn't much left for us except the lot."

They walked up and down through the three empty rooms. It was too late for sunlight and too early for

THIS QUARTER

electricity. They opened and shut the small casement windows, looked in cupboards, asked about the stove, did it smoke, and each wondered what the other thought of it, not liking to ask openly in the presence of the small tired woman, who stood patiently, staring half-forgetfully at the bare walls.

There were two children, a boy and a girl, both fair. The girl was little, a solid, sweet child, like an apple, but without the wild fragrance that an apple has. The boy gave them a start because he was beautiful, as a girl might be, although thoroughly a boy. In the evening, the day after they moved in, the children had piled rubbish for a bonfire, and after supper the ruddy flickers entered the kitchen and played upon the smooth painted walls and shut doors of the cupboards. The new tenants went outside and crossed the dark ground toward the fire. Mrs. Norberg was sitting there with the little girl at her side. The boy kept wandering about the edge of the light, bringing more fuel, or stamping out the sparks that sometimes flamed in the dry grass. The light caught on his hair and small, fresh features, and the dirty white corduroy trousers. The fire thickened the darkness, leaving visible only the people and the branches of the oak tree, illumined from below, and established a sort of intimacy. They were all very tired.

Mrs. Norberg said, "It seems as if moving's the most endless job. I've been moving into the new house ever since two weeks ago, and everything's still upside down. My husband had so many books, math books, he was a mathematics teacher, and books are the worst things in the world to move. They get so dirty and they're so heavy. And now nobody wants them. I hate to pack things away, but there just isn't room for them. They're all going to have to go into boxes in the garage. I'm going to save them for Eric, though he probably won't want to be a mathematician at all. He wants to be an artist. Like me. I always wanted to paint. I always

JANET LEWIS

meant to, until after I was married. Well, we can't do everything in this life."

She spoke with long pauses between the sentences, and yet with a certain little quick rush in the words themselves. These were confidences, amenities, not complaints. They stirred her, made her seem youthful, and like her son.

Yet sometimes the younger woman would see her moving about in the garden, her skirt muddied and her shoulders drooping, dragging the heavy hose, or coming at dusk from the corn patch at the far end of the lot, her head fallen forward, watching the hard path. Her voice, if she spoke at these times, was drained, and her features drained in the same way by a limitless fatigue. It was not actually the fatigue of labor. She was like a fountain, sinking back into this exhaustion as a stream of rising water shrivels and shrinks into nothing.

Days when the sun shone richly on the weathered, reddish walls of the house, and the grape leaves, tilting this way and that as if under the weight of the sunlight, broadened, and the green waxy clusters which they sheltered grew larger, the young woman in the house was very happy. Over the back porch was a rose vine with small bronzy leaves and little pink many-petaled flowers. They cast a spicy sweetness about the back door, over the beds of chard and pieplant, and their soft pink was beautiful against the mulberry. Going in and out, hanging wet washing on the line, taking empty cans and bottles to the trash box in the garage, pulling weeds from the vegetable bed, she reflected that the relativity of time, of the different times existing simultaneously on different moving objects, is no stranger than the relativity of lives. Trivial happiness, the most precious kind of all, existed in her, and had a right to, and yet she was daily aware of Mrs. Norberg's sorrow.

Eugenia Norberg had cased the windows in the red house herself. She had also panelled the livingroom with

THIS QUARTER

building board, the children helping her, and her husband, lying on the cot in the corner, watching them all with great amusement. With the first pieces in place the room had suddenly indicated how nice it was going to be. "Like an attic on the ground," she said, "a studio attic." She was pleased. A little flush came into her cheeks, and she shoved her loosened hair back of her ear with a quick gesture. Eric was measuring the next panel.

"Be sure and get it straight," she said.

He gave her a small, mischievous look over his shoulder. "Straight, Mother, or straight with the house?"

His father laughed. The little girl, who was making biscuits in the kitchen, came in to see what he was laughing about, and they repeated the joke to her. She did not laugh, but stood bright-eyed and interested, a big blue and white checked apron tied around her neck, flour on her hands, and a streak of it on her chin. It was one of those days when they all believed that he was going to get well in a year or two, and then they would go back to Idaho, to the small University town, the rolling hills, the pheasants crossing the roads as they drove out into the country, the rains, the cold sweet air. The children still wrote letters to children there with whom they had gone to school.

Then the conviction, growing from day to day, denied by all of them from day to day, that he was not going to get well. Then the death, the service from the Lutheran church in town, and the return to the house. Mrs. Norberg was haunted by a delusion which she well recognized as such. "In Idaho everything was all right, he was with us. Here in California we are alone and he is dead. If we could go back to Idaho it would be like going back into past time and he would be with us there again, and alive."

But for lack of money she was tied to the red house, the chickens and the berry patch. The chief value of

JANET LEWIS

her land lay in the rapid growth of the nearby town. In three years, or in five years, it would be worth a good deal. So the thought of moving was set aside indefinitely.

The funeral was on a Saturday. Monday morning she sent the children back to school. It was winter, and a foggy day. She looked through the closed window to the branches of the oak tree, dimly drawn upon a background of untransparent grey. She took her work basket and a pile of mending into the front room and sat there. She could feel the mist pressing against the house, and the rooms were empty. There was not even a cat. She was tired, with a bodily fatigue to which she paid little attention because of the anguish in her mind. The emotion was tangible. It was in her mind, in her body and in the air. When she lifted a sock and slipped it over her left hand she lifted it through anguish, a substance. The sock had a big hole at the side of the heel. The edges were badly frayed. She wondered if there was a bit of rough leather in one of Eric's shoes to cause it. She slipped the needle into the material, catching the cloth up in little stitches until the tiny shining length was barred evenly with dark. It was a bad hole, but when she had finished the neat basket-weave of thread the space was filled and the sock was not puckered anywhere. She bit off the end of darning cotton and lifted her head. She had forgotten in this trivial concentration the fog, the grief, the events of the last four days. Now with the sight of the familiar walls reflecting the greyiness of the fog the anguish returned suddenly, doubled, drowning her, infinitely more dreadful for the slight respite she had had. She almost screamed.

She did not say to herself in so many words, "I must never forget again, even for one second," but she braced herself against forgetting, and told over to herself minutely the whole unbearable event.

Spring came slowly on. The children at first were a

THIS QUARTER

little shy before their mother's sorrow. They differentiated sharply, unintentionally, between their grief and hers. Their own they could manage, hers they could not. But when she began to speak of their father's death in connection with some quite trivial household thing, or remembering some joke they all had in common, as if the death were not an unnameable mystery, but part of their common life from then on, their embarrassment was dissolved, they breathed more easily, and dared to go on about the business of being happy.

In the next lot, between the kitchen garden and the chicken houses, a strip of orchard began to bloom, the most sheltered trees first, and then the delicate white conflagration running from tree to tree, hiding the limber branches. Or, "like popcorn," the little girl said. The air was tender, with a quality like legend, somehow far off and gentle. One day Mrs. Norberg saw Eric climbing the oak tree by the house. She was working in the garden, on her knees on the damp earth. She sat back on her heels, letting the trowel drop beside her, and followed him with her eyes. All the oaks grew with a heavy southward slant, induced by the century-long pressure of the wind blowing down from the bay. The boy walked up the trunk on his hands and toes. Above the height of the roof a branch went out horizontally. He crept along it and seated himself astride of it, busy at untying a rope which he had hung there the autumn before. His motions were light and accurate, and seated there so high he seemed to be riding the air. His mother was struck with his happiness, the simple happiness of being alive and able. She thought of her grief at her husband's death and of her son's happiness, a happiness which was also hers, and neither emotion impaired the other. They were co-existent, and she had so disciplined herself during the late winter and early spring never to forget the one that it was impossible to consider the other by itself. She was still afraid that joy, unmixed

JANET LEWIS

with grief, would vanish like a mirage. But this day she understood that by remembering, by holding all her life steadily before her, she could maintain a joy also in all its proper quality. She reached for the trowel, and when her hand found it, it rested there without lifting the tool. Eric came down from the tree and disappeared around the corner of the house, coiling his rope as he went.

She looked at the fresh earth in front of her, which, soft and ready to receive the roots of plants, was like a thought, a statement only of itself. She read it over and over, and let her mind slide from her, and lie upon the spring air. They were building the frame of a house about the distance of a block away. The blows were muted and mellowed, and carried the sense of unfinished wood, rafters and beams, and curled shavings. When she was partly rested she lifted the trowel, and dipped it in the earth.

Summer came, hot, dry and hazy. She planned the new house and built it, and at the beginning of the next summer she rented the red house and moved. Sometimes her tenant came to borrow something or return it. She watched the young woman picking her way between the newly set-out whips of rose bushes in the backyard, and, standing at the back door with the returned article in her hands, Mrs. Norberg found herself gossiping a little.

Sometimes, "Oh, I take housework easy. I have a house to live in, not to make me miserable," she said. "The man that undertook to build this house for me was scandalized by the cobwebs in the old house. Maybe you've noticed, it's just about impossible to keep the spiders out of it. So I let them spin. He said, 'You'll take so much more of an interest in your new house, Mrs. Norberg. You'll enjoy working around in it.' I said, 'If I'm going to do that I won't build it.' Or they would talk of a neighbor who was ill, and she might say,

THIS QUARTER

"It's hard for a young person to be sick. If it was me I wouldn't care. I don't really care whether I live any more or not. I often think of my husband. It seems such a pity that he had to die. He wanted so much to live. He was young, that way." Or another time, "I sometimes say to myself, 'I've nothing more to go on for,' and then I say, 'But of course, I've got the children!'"

She looked down at the face of her tenant, and saw friendliness and interest, and knew that she was not imposing her tragedy upon her listener, in spite of what her words might say. She felt sometimes, while talking casually like this, a sort of spiritual resilience within herself, and she thought less of the fatigue that followed it.

So she went on, with the spring, with summer, with the children's happiness, carrying always a grief which did not diminish with the passing of days, but adding to it, somehow, from time to time, a sort of joy, a sort of graciousness, as one might welcome a guest into a house already crowded and entertain him courteously.



Drawing by Zhenya

A LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE

by

Charles Seymour, Jr.

*You knew the winding streets of young Milan,
The duomo's thousand saints against the hot
Blue Lombard sky, the presence of the man
Who made you live again. For yours is not
The fragile innocence or pious spell
Of Florence. To you the pleasures of the world
Are precious as the jewel you wear so well
Upon your forehead. Yet you were never swirled
Beyond your depth : keen intellect gleams bright
In your quick glance. I wonder why it is
That Genius prompted Leonardo's sight
To find in smirking Mona Lisa his
Ideal, and not in you. Your subtle smile
Holds something finer. Talk with me a while.*

A PAPERED PARLOUR

by

T. F. Powys

Everyone in East Dodder knew that when Miss Mary Perret married, she would marry a good man. No one, in a village way of speaking, had been taught better than Mary. There was no housework that she could not do; no one could iron the pleats in a summer frock better than Miss Perret, and nothing in a house—even to the painting and decorating of the inner walls—came amiss to her. She could cook so carefully, having as much regard to the pence that provided the materials as to the bellies that digested them, that it was said of her in East Dodder that, whereas some people could only live on so many pounds a week, Miss Perret could live on so many pence.

Miss Perret had been the only child of her parents, who were a little different from other people because Mrs. Perret had one religion and Mr. Perret another. But they both believed in Mary. They died blessing her.

When they were gone, and no graves were kept neater and tidier than theirs in all Dodder churchyard, Miss Perret had to leave her cottage because it had been but a lifehold vested in the lives of her parents. Miss Perret was thirty when her cottage was taken away from her by the squire's agent, Major Rutter, who had never seen Miss Perret, for if he had he could hardly have turned her out so rudely.

Miss Perret's hair was so clean—indeed, all of her was as clean as her hair—and she was never idle. She

could sew and make her own dresses, and the dresses that she wore always fitted her perfectly. While she lived with her parents there was always a little money to spare, so that Miss Perret could buy some remnants, out of which she made her pretty frocks.

One would have thought that, when Miss Perret was at liberty—having no parents to tend—a number of people would have offered her a home as she was so good a workwoman. But this was not the case, for it seemed that a young and pretty woman and a good worker into the bargain was not as much sought after as might have been expected.

However, Mrs. Haxey, a widow lady, allowed Miss Perret to live with her, though she promised her nothing in return for her labours except her mere food.

Miss Perret had always been kind and good to her neighbours and, when all the furniture in her old home was sold, and the doctor and the funeral expenses paid for her parents, Miss Perret was left with only a wooden box where she kept her clothes, and a dozen rolls of wall-paper, all done up in a brown paper parcel.

This wall-paper Mary had intended for the parlour at home, but what with one thing and another connected with the illness of her parents, she had never been able to use it, and so she carried the parcel to Mrs. Haxey's, hoping that one day she might have a parlour of her own to decorate.

Once or twice when Mary Perret had done all the work that she could do for Mrs. Haxey, she thought that she might use the little leisure that she had by papering Mrs. Haxey's front room with her own paper, instead of keeping it for herself, but she might just as well have papered the trees in the squire's park, for Mrs. Haxey would have been sure to have torn it all down in one of her coughing fits, for when Mrs. Haxey coughed she caught hold of anything that was handy, and after a fit or two she would have had the paper all off the walls.

THIS QUARTER

And so the possession of that wall-paper made Mary Perret wish to marry.

It is said that every lady has her own reasons, which few would share with her, for wishing to be wedded. Miss Perret saw her own wedded happiness in the setting up of her wall-paper, and so she had only been at Mrs. Haxey's a few months before she looked round her for a husband.

A good woman naturally wishes to marry a good man, and a woman who is industrious would not wish to marry idleness. And so Miss Perret cast her eyes about her in order to find, if possible, a hardworking man who would give her a good home.

Miss Perret did not look long for, so shapely were her legs and so neat her ankles, she was soon noticed. Mr. Mill who noticed her was the least idle of all the men of East Dodder. He had two employments and was always ready for anything else in the way of work that wanted to be done. His neat cottage, which he lived in all alone, was a little way back from the road, and not a stick nor a stone about it was ever out of order.

Who could have supposed that Mr. Mill had a cruel heart? No one in Dodder thought so, and certainly not Miss Perret. But no woman, however careful, can always follow a man into all his doings.

Mr. Mill was a rabbit-catcher, as well as being sometimes a day-labourer, for if any work, such as threshing the cornstacks, required extra men, Mr. Mill would follow the customs and traditions that belonged to that calling, so that no one could say of him that he acted in any way out of the ordinary in his profession.

He was always a man to do what he promised. If Mr. Mill promised to supply a rabbit to Mrs. Duggs, who didn't mind its age so long as the rabbit was a large one, the rabbit was always brought—as Mr. Mill had foretold—in time for a Sunday dinner.

Mr. Mill wore side-whiskers; he was a pale and a

quiet-looking man, he walked slowly when abroad, and was never disturbed or put out by any ill-bred word from a man, nor yet by any fierce gust of wind, or hail-storm from the sky. When the rain fell in torrents Mr. Mill would walk as though the sun shone, neither seeming to stoop against the blast nor to be in the least displeased by the splashing waters.

Mr. Mill was a king by nature; he ruled the rabbit-warren, over which he had sole power, in an autocratic manner. He gave his subjects life and he also took their lives from them, and their bodies too. And, though he killed as many rabbits as he chose, yet he would allow no one else to do his subjects any hurt. All stoats and weasels were banished from his kingdom, and did any poacher try to steal a march upon Mr. Mill and set a snare in his preserves, he lost the snare as well as the time that he had taken to set it.

Mr. Mill had not always lived in his cottage alone; he had been married twice. Each of his brides he had chosen because of her docility, and because of a natural taste in each to harbour her husband's goods, so that when she left the house—a poor, meek corpse—there was not one thing broken or mislaid that had been in Mr. Mill's cottage when she stepped in, wearing her orange-blossom.

Neither lady had given to Mr. Mill any child, and so when Miss Perret's turn came—she looked so charming that day that even the Reverend John Hayhoe shuffled his feet a little when he married her to Mr. Mill—she felt that, though she had just walked by the graves of the other two, she was really the first one to be married to him.

Everyone likes to hear a good man speak kindly, and during the courtship Miss Perret was never tired of hearing Mr. Mill talk. And he was never tired of saying how kind he liked to be to women, and to rabbits. He knew the ways, he said, of the one and of “they

THIS QUARTER

t'others. One woman at a time," he was once heard to say, "and many rabbits"....

Mr. Mill wanted a woman for another reason than to work, and that was why he married Miss Perret.

"Please, may I paper the parlour?" asked Mrs. Mill, when the wedding guests were departed and the two sat at supper alone. "May I paper the parlour? I have kept the paper for a long time, and often at Mrs. Haxey's, when the rains dripped down the windows, and Mrs. Haxey held her sides with coughing, I used to undo the rolls and admire the pattern and wonder when I should have my own parlour to paper."

"No, not to-morrow," said Mr. Mill.

As the evening wore on, Mr. Mill eyed his wife more and more curiously. Once he took up her hand, but soon put it down again, merely observing to himself, "Yes, a woman!" Once when she moved to the door to go out with the supper cloth, Mr. Mill moved silently out too, as though he thought she was a snared rabbit trying to escape.

At breakfast the next morning Mary said, "May I paper the parlour to-morrow?"

"No," replied her husband, "what be done here, I do do. A woman be too wide awake sometimes, and a rabbit be too sleepy." And Mr. Mill went out to help to thresh Farmer Lord's new wheat.

Mary sat in a chair when he was gone and wondered what she had better do. Mr. Mill's married behaviour had exhausted her; he had behaved like an old red fox who had been long denied a mate. Mary felt both shocked and outraged. She had married only to be able to paper her own parlour.

To bustle about, to do one thing or another in a womanly manner would, she hoped, give her more ease. She felt ill and looked this way and that to see what she could do so that she might forget the usage she had been subjected to. But there was nothing for her to do.

All the work of the house had already been done by Mr. Mill. He had been working while she had fallen into an uneasy doze. There was nothing left for her to do.

Before Mr. Mill had gone out he had helped her to clear away the breakfast and to wash the plates and cups. He had done his share so deftly, and indeed, more than his share. All that she did to help was so little that she had seemed to do nothing. He had even laid her dinner, setting upon the table all that she might require, and had departed with his own done up as neatly, and all prepared by himself.

Mary Mill looked at her rolls of wall-paper. She seemed far worse off now than at Mrs. Haxey's. She had work there to occupy her the whole day, and now she had nothing to do. She had changed her state because she wished to paper her own parlour, but she could not do that even now unless Mr. Mill gave her permission. At Mrs. Haxey's she had slept comfortably each night, but her first married night had utterly disgusted her and made her miserable. What could she do to forget it?

She took up her workbox and looked into it. She had used all her cotton in making her wedding garments. She would go and buy some more at the shop, but she had no money—not so much as one penny. She had spent all her savings in buying what she needed for her wedding.

She sat with her hands folded upon her lap. She had married Mr. Mill because he was so hardworking, and now she had nothing to do. She sat thus all day; she felt too dispirited even to take away the plate she had used for her dinner.

When he came home, she said that she wanted to do something,—to work.

"Bed-time be coming," observed Mr. Mill, while he employed himself in doing all that was needed.

The next day Mary felt more than ever weak and sad.

THIS QUARTER

But, for all that, she asked Mr. Mill for some money to buy cotton.

"If there is nothing else for me to do, I must sew," she said.

"I didn't marry ee' to do sewing work," said Mr. Mill, "and 'tis me pleasure to do all meself." Mr. Mill unlocked a strong wooden box, in which were all the tools that are required for household mending. He locked the box again, and put the key into his pocket.

"A married woman be best without work," he said, "for 'tis for she to lie down and to think upon t'other matters."—Mr. Mill moved about the room.

Though ill, Mary lived from day to day. She did nothing, and, when evening came, she doubted whether she could live through another night of his behaviour. But a woman can bear much, and so months went by, and many a time during those months did Mary Mill wish that she had never been born. She wished herself, many a time, to be anything in the house that he used rather than to be herself—his woman.

Mr. Mill appeared to spend hours out-of-doors, and yet he seemed to be nearly always at home. All the proper tasks of a woman he took away from her. He only allowed her one use—the natural, the crude, the merely bestial. He expected that of her, and that alone.

All her life, up till the unlucky day when she thought she had found a good man, Mary had never been idle and had always been happy. There was nothing she would not do, as a child, to help in the home, and at Mrs. Haxey's she had only the one wish, to go where she could work harder—and that was why she had married Mr. Mill. She had certainly thought that there was room in any house—even in Mr. Mill's—for a woman's labour. She had been married on a Tuesday, and through all that week, though she could find nothing to do, yet she still hoped.

She would wait till the Monday, which was the day

in which all right-minded women did their washing. He couldn't possibly deprive her of that labour—a woman's toil and pleasure. She had remained in enforced idleness, but when Monday came she would be free to work.

On the Sunday Mr. Mill looked at her curiously. They went to church together, and he seemed to be very devout. It was a feast day, and Mr. Mill told her it was his custom to buy from the Inn a gallon of beer, to carry this home and to drink and be merry in company with his friend, Mr. Bone, the sexton. Mary had always been told that Mr. Mill drank nothing.

He made her stand in front of him. He wanted to look at her as he drank, he said. When he had finished the beer, he ordered her to bed. Mr. Bone left the house and Mr. Mill soon followed her to bed. In the middle of the night Mary Mill stirred weakly. She spoke, no one replied, and she closed her eyes.

In the early morning she opened her eyes. She remembered the washing; she had looked forward to that day through long hours of enforced idleness. She raised herself a little. However much his huge lusts had weakened her, she would light the copper and begin.

The morning was delightful. The little May birds were all of them singing and the sun had just risen and poured out his golden love upon all things. A fresh wind, happy that the night was gone, blew briskly.

Mary dressed herself, looked at the bed, and shuddered.

"How wise are some women," she thought, "to get to know the habits of a man before they marry him."

Mary Mill opened the bedroom door. She was greeted by a puff of steam from the copper. She tottered downstairs.

The copper had been lit during the night, it was now burnt out, and all the washing was done. Mary Mill opened the back door; she saw all the clothes hung upon the line. Her own breakfast was laid ready, and he had gone out to work.

There is something about the word "rabbit" that makes

THIS QUARTER

children laugh. But Mrs. Mill dreaded the word. Whenever her husband spoke of a rabbit, he behaved more cruelly towards her. On the days when he worked as a labourer he acted mildly compared to the days when he went to the warren.

There he could do things that no one could see, and, because they were done to rabbits, no one heard of them. But at night, he would be newly inspired. He would seem as if he would gnaw her eyes out,—he did worse too. She—a poor woman—found herself in the hands of a horrible beast, and she found it hard to creep about the house.

A little way up the road, and near to the sexton's cottage, there was the churchyard. One day Mrs. Mill asked her husband whether she might walk there. The sexton was Mr. Bone, her husband's friend, who had often come to drink with him upon a Sunday evening. Both were regarded as very respectable people in the village. But Mary never dared stay in the room with Mr. Bone.

One night, when her husband was very drunk, he had offered his wife to him.

"Ferret her out, and let I see thee do it," he had cried. But Mary had made that impossible and Mr. Bone had departed.

But now she wanted Mr. Bone. Through all her trouble, Mary had still the heart of a girl who had one wish in the world, and that was to paper her own parlour. She had grown used to the goatish behaviour of her husband, and she did not think that Mr. Bone could treat her worse, amongst the graves, than he did. She met him by the churchyard gate, when her husband was out.

"Will you do it for me," she asked aloud, after whispering a question into Mr. Bone's ear.

Mr. Bone looked at her. Though so weak and ill,—indeed, nearly dying of her sorrows—she still appeared to have the body of a woman.

"Come on," said Mr. Bone, "behind the yew-tree there be a nice soft grave."

"No, not now," said Mary, "but you can do what you choose with me when my parlour is papered."

The sexton nodded. It was worth while, he thought, to do a little work with such an end in view.

The next morning Mr. Bone asked Mr. Mill for a rabbit. A young doe-rabbit, he said, would suit his rotten teeth. Mr. Mill said he would go to the warren the very next day.

He went and Mary did not wait long after he had gone out but went out too. She went out joyfully. She had only herself to give to Mr. Bone as payment for what he had done. But, even with that end in sight, Mary went happily to the churchyard. She might have good luck, and that good luck would be to escape Mr. Bone. She could also prevent her husband from taking another wife. He was killing her quickly and was already beginning to talk to Nellie Brine, a village girl, whom he would present now and again with a rabbit.

Mary Mill took two rolls of her wall-paper, and went out. She had never been so happy. No one—not even her husband—could prevent her working that morning. Her husband had gone to the warren; he would not be back for some hours. He was gone to fetch a dinner for Mr. Bone.—She also was to be the sexton's dinner, but not before she had papered her parlour.

The grave had been dug on the sly; no one in the village knew of it. And when she had papered it, it was to be covered up again with boards.

Mary prepared herself for the work. The sides of the grave were lined with matchwood boarding; she had made the sexton do that by promising the reward,—herself.

The churchyard ladder was in the grave, and Mary unrolled her paper. She had brought some paste with her, and she laid her paper down upon the grass and put

THIS QUARTER

on the paste. She measured the grave and cut the rolls into proper lengths. Then she papered her parlour.

She had just finished when the sexton came back from his dinner. He found her looking at her parlour; she was happy.

Mr. Bone looked anxious. "There be folks at work in that field," he said, pointing with his hand. "Get thee into the grave; 'tis a good place for thee."

Mary had worked for so long, and she was happy; Happiness is a danger to some people, to others it is a blessing. Though ill, the work Mary had done had given her a new heart. She had always worked for others, and now she had papered her parlour, not for herself, but for Mr. Bone.

She asked him to go first into the grave : she would follow. Mr. Bone went down and called to her to come.

Mary drew up the ladder. Before Mr. Bone knew what she was doing, she placed the heavy boards over the grave. Upon them she shovelled the earth that had come out of the grave, so that the man in the grave would be secure from draught.

He would also be obliged to stay where he was.

The grave had been dug in a corner of the church-yard, to which no one went. Mary was happy; she was now dangerous.

Her husband had carried his ferrets to the warren, and when he went with the ferrets he left his gun at home. The gun was loaded. Mary went out of her back-door, carrying a gun.

Over all Dodder a thick mist had fallen. It was impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction. Near to the cottage there was a little lane that led to the warren. That was the lane down which her husband used to come. Mary had papered her parlour for Mr. Bone, and now she would shoot her husband for the devil's tea. She had never been allowed to lay her own tea, so she would lay the devil's. Mary waited. Soon

a gun went off. Mary laid his weapon beside him and went home.

The first thing she did when she got there was to put all the dirty clothes she could find into the copper and cover them with water. Mary clapped her hands; she lit the copper fire. While the copper was burning, she ate her dinner...

In the spring a mound of earth is soon covered by nettles and grass. For years the heap of mould in the corner of the churchyard was left untouched and then more rubbish was put upon it. People said that Mr. Bone was gone to stay with his sister, and a new sexton was appointed.

This new sexton's name was Mr. Huddy, and the first grave dug was for Mr. Mill, who had shot himself, accidentally, in the lane.

One never should carry a loaded gun and a load of rabbits on the same shoulder.

EMPIRE

by

Robert Penn Warren

*Phœnecian galley and the sweating slave
over the flat Mediterranean,
beating by Carthage in the sun.
Pillars of Hercules, gates that gave
on the deep's grey gardens and the Cornish coast.
Phœnecian, Greek, men whom the summer lured
past Carthage to the waters in the west.
Black galleys beaked to westward like a bird.*

*Not the beginning, not the end.
They did not know that land and ocean bend
downward to make the long circuit home.
This much great Cæsar did not know
when, shield to arm, he leaped the prow
and over his feet curled the strait's cold foam.
The mad tired eyes, fixed on the wild land
under his eagles, saw not the long way home,
the world that closes like a tired closed hand.*

*Then others came who knew; the man
from Genoa knew on the high-pooped caraval.
Santa Maria. O white and virginal
incredible shore where morning breakers ran!
Hendrik Hudson, icicles in his beard,
northwest by west to the echo of a word.
India. By frozen coasts the bitten spume;
passage to India, passage home.*

ROBERT PENN WARREN

*Many were hungry, many were cold;
by rocks, in tall grass, in the deep pinewood,
by rivers they lay down. Their blood
toward silence spilled in vagrant westward gold.*

*You single-hearted and horizon-sick,
thief from tomorrows, dupe of yesterdays,
we own no kin with you. Your ways,
certain, lost, are not our ways; the quick
lack commerce with the dead whose history
is commensurate, unnamed.*

*But I would speak
with you, you other. Bastard to memory,
you spawn from no desire... my spotless white
new lamb, got of no sin, born to no wrath,
no home, no repentance.*

*Always at night
the land-wind lifts. Follow, there is a path
down through the dunes, I recall, which brings
us to the beach. The wind, east, will swerve
only at dawn. Behind us in the duneland
the cicada, cold in the salt grass, sings
no more. I think that we can understand
each other, talking here, while we observe
the foam in calyx on the patient sand.*

DEATH AND THE POET

by

Samuel Putnam

*Fire and sleet and candle-light
And Christ receive thy soul.
Oh, now ye know that latest night
In fire and sleet and candle-light
When all thy sins shall come in sight
Whose life has reached its goal—
Fire and sleet and candle-light,
May Christ receive thy soul!*

RALPH CHEEVER DUNNING.

I.

Mystery is the daughter of Dimension, born of the shadows of grandeur and the melting of horizons; and Sentimentality is the offspring of an incestuous mating. Woman, Love and the Night; what is more sentimental than these, what more ultimately incommensurable? What, too, is triter?—but let us not forget our etymologies. Attrition has its significance, and holds its immemorial tragedy. Tired, tired; the world is so old. Wearing away, wearing down; wearing down the mountain, yet the mountain is there in the morning. Man's bright toy, young with the centuries, Thought, is blunted by the impact, and grows as dull as Einstein or psychoanalysis. There is nothing, then, to do but to heap up a few crumbled particles of dust, the result of yesterday's chiseling, and to call them, grandiloquently, the mountain. And today's tiny scrapings, including those of our

Freuds and others, will but go to provide the Ridiculous Mouse of tomorrow.

So it is with Death. Sentimentality is merely a name for Gesture, the ritualistic gesture—and ritual implies the automatic—of blindfolding. Floral pieces and gates-ajar do no more than conceal our failure to find the value of an overawing x . But the ant-heap would never have been, had not the ant tried to eat the mountain. Reason, in other words, has been our ruin. With its sharpened gullibilities, it has slain our consciousness of the Alps; but what is worse, it has slain our unconsciousness. The floral piece is the slaughtering Symbol. We are, now, Goethe, the great Romantic, riding over the Alps with his carriage-curtains drawn from fear of a draft! We are in that murky fog of semi-consciousness that Reason breeds, and which only can be dispersed by Child or Poet.

The law of spiritual biogenesis holds. We do repeat the development of the tribe. For a very young child, the words *dead*, *death*, have no meaning whatsoever. Death does not enter into the scheme of things. The child sees a snake lying in the road, its head crushed by an automobile. "It is dead," you tell him; "it has been run over and killed." He does not even repeat the word; it makes not the slightest impression upon him. "But he can still eat. He still has his stomach." That is as near as the child comes to the Mystery. There is a certain apparent reluctance to draw near it. Not as yet. That will come shortly, and from his elders. They will teach him to start scraping and piling up his minute dust; they will force upon him their own ritualistic sentimentality. For a time, he will not take it too seriously. He will play soldier. Bang! and the enemy drops. He is dead. "Dead?" What is that? It is a game. And it is a game that the grownups play, when some one "dies": the undertaker (how he would like to be an undertaker!); the black coffin; the hearse;

THIS QUARTER

the mourning; the overpowering, ever-to-be-remembered fragrance of lilies and nasturtiums. My grandmother, who in large part reared me, was very fond of funerals; they were a passion and a divertisement with her. In those days, it was the custom to pass around and "view the remains." My grandmother used to lift me up, so that I could see the dead. It was a shock, the beginning, as were the shrieks and, oftentimes, the fainting-fit of the widow at the end,—until the child that I was observed that those who shrieked the loudest and fainted the most effectively were, frequently, the first to remarry : that was the coming of cynicism. The child then goes out and finds his pet duck sprawled on the ground. The duck is cold and stiff; he is dead. He must be buried with adult rites, grave and hearse and a few dandelions, and, of course, the undertaker. The grownup mind has conquered, and the Dream has been raised corruptible.

And yet, as a child, I do not think that I was afraid of death. My favorite playground, as I recall, to become my favorite reading and thinking ground, was the village cemetery. I felt quite at home there, beside my grandfather's grave : no dread, no uneasiness of any sort. A cemetery, as I was to discover, is a beautiful, a wholesome, even a vital place, contrasted with a village of fifteen-hundred. I read *Thanatopsis* there, memorized it, declaimed it to the tombstones. No, I was not afraid of death. I remember when my little brother died. I remember passing through the livingroom where he lay in his cradle, my father sitting there with masculine control, my mother weeping very quietly—I thought that her tears were dry. I was told to take my other brother upstairs and keep him amused. I remember the two of us in that upstairs room. I permitted him to play with my Chautauqua writing-desk-scroll, which I never had done before. He was delighted and oblivious. As for myself, my thoughts were half in that room and half in the one down below. I had a sense of responsibility,

SAMUEL PUTNAM

which, I think, bolstered me up. I did not know it, but I was on the verge of death-consciousness. My maiden aunt came in and told me that my other brother was dead, and there was a reproof of some sort, a reproof for me, in her voice and in her wide tearless eyes. I was old enough to understand!

For children must understand. Grownups insist upon it. But the poet? I have no desire to be sentimental upon this head, and to babble of "children of a larger growth." The poet, according to the Greeks, is the *maker*, the creator. Etymologies, however, may be a limitation. There is another view of the poet, of an equally respectable antiquity: a view of the bard as a *seer*. The poet, the truth is, has always been in love with Death. To an Edgar Allan Poe, Death is a beautiful woman, and Death, Beauty, Woman a mystic trinity that is worth the poet's sacrifice. Death merges with music, the music of fair women's names, until it becomes no more than a ululation and a sound. No intellection here, no ant biting the mountain. Rather, a child in the night, loving the night; and the idea of understanding the night does not occur to the child. Nevertheless, he does understand it, as no one else does,—he, and the lover, and the poet, Shakespeare's lunar clan. The rest are like Francis Thompson's country folk: they are turnips growing in the field; the quality of the night, for them, is a meteorological phenomenon. Platitudes aside, it is only in the lover and the poet that the child is realized, encounters his apotheosis, achieves a generic immortality.

By his attitude toward death, the poet may be judged. We are speaking, for the moment, of the poet, not of his poems. The poet is an entity, quite apart from anything he may or may not write. Let us brush away the showy and showman's sophistries that pass as an excuse for non-performance,—the "I have lived my poems" of a trickster Wilde, for example. The Precept of Silence

THIS QUARTER

is a high and valid one, and the blank canvas may, after all, be the end of art. The truest creation, as Mrs. Meynell somewhere has told us, may be to refrain from creation. This is not an apology; it is a clearing of the ground, with the object of establishing the poetic personality as a thing in itself, just as the poetic principle is a thing in itself.

Ralph Cheever Dunning *was* a poet. He was in love with Death, as every poet is. But, and this is the point, he could not have loved Death, if he had not first loved Life. It is when one has the child's primal attitude toward Death, toward the snake in the road, when life and death are one, and no black funereal wall has as yet been reared by adults,—it is then that one can love, not Death, but that Whole of things, which includes the stars and a woman's hair and a memory of unknissed lips. This is the true, the sole Paganism. No anachronistic fauns and satyrs, but a perduring simplicity of soul. It may be that, when all is said, the Orientals are the real pagans. There was much of the Oriental in Dunning.

II.

I knew Dunning, personally, less than a year. Upon our first meeting, I lent him a copy of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Our second meeting, we walked in the rain and talked—Dunning talked—of Hopkins, who had proved a vitalizing discovery; he did not make many discoveries. I saw him often after that. I have a vision of him, sitting opposite me in my room, the both of us silent for an hour at a time, his almost wordless departure. I saw him often about the Quarter, his tall wraith of a figure wandering disconsolately in and out of the brightly lighted Montparnasse cafés, an apparition weirdly out of place there. I have seen him plodding down the rue de la Grande-Chaumière, homeward-bound, and I have thought of his "Carol" :

SAMUEL PUTNAM

*The wind blows cold in every street
But chiefly down the one I walk,
He follows now my chilly feet
And I can understand his talk—
He takes my hand and in my ear
He utters things I would not hear.*

*Why stand upon the corner thus,
While all the world goes round and round?
Who are these people tremulous?
Oh, they are clay best underground :
Yet still a girl might pass and wake
Another dream for old time's sake.*

*The minstrel in the tinsel snow
(Christ's frozen tears, for Christmas comes)
Chirps dauntlessly of long ago
In hopes to get some copper crumbs.
And down the street the wind runs cold
And so I know the world is old.*

The world was very old for Dunning. He stood, had stood for a quarter-century, upon a corner and watched it go by. He had observed the "people tremulous," and knew that they were "best underground". "Yet still a girl might pass and wake..." That was Cheever. The girl might come to him in the black red fog of his pipe; for it is no secret, he never made a secret of it, that he had been an opium-smoker :

*And from an upper chamber shines
A red light over dark and damp—
A smoky devil there reclines
Whose symbols are the pipe and lamp.*

And then, suddenly, I learned that Dunning had been taken ill, and that he had been removed to the American Hospital. Upon advice, I stayed away. Then, they told me : "You can go see him now; he cannot live." Before I was able to see him, he had died. I learned that he had refused to eat for weeks, that he had wanted to die. But he had been very tranquil. He had conceived

THIS QUARTER

a fancy for his nurse, who, he insisted, looked like an Egyptian. He was an Oriental to the last.

That funeral, I shall not forget it! The sprinkling of a dozen or so persons out of all Montparnasse (for a dead poet cannot further any one's personal advancement), the minister's droning voice, that cemetery hack, in which we violated the rules of all funerals, all of us, by smoking cigarettes. As the body was lowered, a fine slant of rain began falling, then stopped. It seemed, somehow, specially arranged.

We went back to the cafés of Montparnasse, and I, for one, could not feel that Cheever was dead. I have not been able to feel it since, and I think the others felt a little the same way. Dunning's death appeared to have broken down something for me, that artificial wall which my elders had forced me to build. "Fire and sleet and candle light" and that slant of rain upon an open grave. Death, as in the poet's "Old Refrain," had become an intimate, a cozy fireside thing. It was a fire that warmed as well as any other, and Dunning, I believe, knew that. He had willed to die, as the one last great adventure that was left to him in life. Other poets, in the past, have willed the same, and *Ex mortibus eorum cognoscetis eos*. There are deaths, and deaths; and the degeneration of the manner, the spirit, in which a poet goes to meet his dark paramour is a mark of the degeneration of the poetic principle among us. No bawdy accessories, no showmanship. Simply, go forward to meet your mistress, step across that invisible and non-existent line. That is what Dunning did. His "suicide," if you care to use the vulgar word, had in it nothing of the vulgar. His was the poet's death, and his dying has restored for me the unspoiled Idea of Death. He has, as I say, knocked down the wall.

As for Dunning the poet, Ezra Pound has said all that needs to be said, in speaking of Cheever's poems: "Any one who cannot feel the beauty of their melody had better

SAMUEL PUTNAM

confine his criticism to prose and leave the discussion of verse to those who know something about it." Unfortunately, the criticism of verse is, at present, very largely in the hands of those who know nothing about it. These will tell you that Dunning was not a poet. True, belonging to a somewhat older generation, he made use of historic forms; he did not "experiment" in form; but of those classic forms, such as terza rima, he possessed a high degree of mastery, while as a nature poet (I am thinking of a long work, as yet unpublished, I believe), he made me think of Cavalcanti, whom he had never read. But if he had not written a poem, Dunning would still *be* a poet. It is that fact which I have endeavored to establish in this paper; and for me, the poet's death is a verification.

MARINE EDEN

by

John Gould Fletcher

*Over his head the leaves shea lispings thence
Under his feet earth trembles with the tread
Of elephant-herds slow trumpeting here and there
Snapping branch-knotted vines, springing profusely and
dying.*

*Through wisps of mist that trailed and swept away,
Butterflies danced before him, hosts of birds
Made patterns of dissolving scarlet, high
Above the treetops, bowing down before
The storm-god wrapped in his cloak of cloud who came
To cast blue lightnings on them. By a bole
With reft trunk he grew up, too weak to climb
The steep sides and take part with the furry people
In the pillage of their summit. Nuts and grubs
Stifled his hunger and his thirst was quenched
With dew licked from the leaves. He was alone.
The forest was still at daybreak as a face
Unstirred from slumber. As the settled birds
Awakened, here and there, it 'gan to cry
With a far moaning voice that pushed the empty sky
Away from its green platforms; and that night
He dreamed of a body near him and awoke
Clashing an old dry stick in his two hands.
So one day he grew restless; and he roamed*

THIS QUARTER

*Alone as driven by some inner need,
From grave to grave across savannahs and
Up flame-shot slopes of rocks that tore his feet,
Down whistling glades of shadow and up crags
Beetling to keep a lookout; baffling clouds
Rolled onwards warily; close to his feet
He felt the tiger's breath and saw the hinds
Scatter before him; or he went alone
Crouching and sidling, seeking he knew not what.
One afternoon, through gray and sunscorched leaves
He suddenly spied a black and motionless pool
Whereon a sunray hung; near its far brink
There bobbed up something white; he checked his breath.
Uncoiling like the lithe length of a snake
A woman slowly rose, to bar the light.
Breast, belly, flanks that gleamed with sparkling drops,
Sprawling at ease upon the sunfilled grass.*

II.

*Light, at the edge of the sea,
Beats like a heart against darkness;
Knowing the waves that have passed,
Seeking the seas that must follow.*

*Night, and the chill waves lift
Past water-worn headlands in darkness.
Clouds scud above the sea,
Boats toss about in the shallows.*

*Midnight; lights burn
Down promenades facing darkness;
In leather-lined armchairs of beach-hotels
Bored people sit at bridge tables;
Down on the shingle, apart,
Girls open their thighs to their lovers.*

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

*Will she rise from the sea,
And come to you with green seaweed tangled
In her hair, and with cold glossy hands
Streaking with salt your prim cheeks?*

*Not any longing
Can fashion now a flame that comes unasked
Complete; the earth resists the tide;
Dreams are smoke in dark horizons.*

III.

*Slowly, out of the light
Infused with water, as it plays
Upward against the sight;
There rises on the rope that tugs and stays,
Incomplete, yes, but full,
A flower gleaming in the garden washed all day,
Until the static air again shall dull
Its surface and the noon again betray*

*Mollusk and coral, piled
About its incandescence, shells that sleep
Where the long tide-slope of the years defiled
Against the green attrition of the deep,—*

*Not strained to effort as the coiled winch runs,
Not hot and throbbing in the engines' grope;
Woman made stone; the ripe fruit of the suns
Born now as marble beyond fear and hope.*

THE FLYING COLUMN

AMERICA IN THE GALLIC WOODSHED

Amid all the teapot-tempesty discussion of that Terrible Continent, America, and of the Looming Peril of Europe's "Americanization," a discussion that has been stirred up afresh, and with more of manifest infantilism than ever, by M. Georges Duhamel's recently published *Scènes de la Vie Future*, it is a comforting and highly tranquilizing course of procedure to reflect upon the case of a certain redskin gentleman in northern Wisconsin. His name has slipped us for the moment, but this doughty chieftain has satisfied the census authorities that he was born some time prior to 1793. In other words, he is nearing if not past the age of 150. In yet other words, he is practically of the same age as the United States of America. And he is not the only one. There is the Turkish gentleman of 156 or 159 (which is it?) who has been imported as an argument pro or contra alcoholics, we really forget which, and it doesn't much matter. The point is, here are two individuals—But must the point be stated? We should think that any Frenchman, and even a Frenchman such as M. Duhamel, would be able to see it. America, the truth is, as the lives of nations go, has not yet reached the age of puberty. Yet M. Duhamel and his kind would have her wear her rubbers when she steps out and go to bed with a mustard-plaster on her chest. She doesn't need any—not as yet. In the meanwhile, it is to be admitted, she is a bit noisy, and the din from the nursery is a trifle deafening. But you either like children, or you do not like them, and there is an end of the matter. It is no particular reflection upon the children, we should say. As for M. Duhamel, he was a good man, and how he did *not* love children!

The counter-argument is, of course, that America in reality is not young, not an infant. The blood of the oldest nations of Europe mingles in her blood-stream. Hers is a civilization, some will assert, made up of the frayed ends of very old and very fatigued civilizations that have gone before. But that, as history teaches us, is not the manner in which the thing works out. The British Isles, likewise, were overrun and settled by very old and weary peoples; neither the Romans nor the Celts, nor, so far as that is concerned, the Anglo-Saxons, were precisely young stock. What counts is the new mixture and the transplantation, a new race, a new nation,

THIS QUARTER

a new civilization in any other sense of the word being an impossibility. No, we shall persist in remembering that there are at least two *individuals* in the world today who are as old as America.

As for M. Duhamel's book, it is, with one exception, the most flauntingly stupid and brazenly impertinent volume that has been written by a Frenchman on the subject,—with one exception; the first prize, we fear, must still go to M. Luc Durtain and his *Quarantième Etage* of a few years ago, although the *Quarantième Etage* was redeemed by one good story ("The City that Vision Built"). America, however, need not trouble to answer such "critics" as M. Duhamel. He has been answered, and rather annihilatingly, by one of his own countrymen, M. Bernard Faÿ (see his "*Apologie pour l'Autre Monde*" in a recent issue of *Le Correspondant*). M. Faÿ possesses the advantage, or the disadvantage, of knowing something about his subject. He spends, as it happens, half the year in France and the other half in America, where he is an exchange professor at Harvard University. He is not in the habit of taking a flying trip and then rushing back to set down his preconceived execrations. His scholarly mind forbids that. M. Duhamel, happily for his own satisfaction, is not burdened with that type of intellect. He rails at America by railing at the cinema, which "failed to take him out of himself," overlooking the little fact, of which M. Faÿ takes occasion to remind him, that the cinema came originally from France. As for all the fuss over American skyscrapers, we may be grateful to Prof. Faÿ for taking the trouble to defend the green and rose symphony at Fiftieth Street and Park Avenue; but after all, any such defense is largely a work of supererogation. One may dismiss it all with the remark that a young American poet of Italian extraction made some years ago, à propos of another and older poet of native birth: "Look! he's throwing pebbles at our skyscrapers!" But M. Faÿ nicely rounds out the jest by pointing out that the skyscraper is a development of architectural principles inherent in the Palace of the Popes at Avignon.

There is, too, much about America and the "machine age." Hear M. Faÿ: "It is as illogical to fasten 'the machine' upon America as it is to see in Germany nothing but 'militarism'." Americans, M. Duhamel informs us, have a "worship of the future"; but M. Faÿ would call his attention to the fact that this same "worship of the future," in place of a worship of the past, came in, in France, somewhere between 1690 and 1790, the whole question having been fought out then and there, between the partisans of the old order and the new.

It is amusing to see what happens, when a Frenchman has the audacity to visit America and come back to write a book that is

THE FLYING COLUMN

not unfavorable. M. Paul Achard and his *Un Œil sur l'Amérique* is a case in point. M. Duhamel may throw his pebble by asserting that the skyscraper is out of all human proportions, but M. Achard was impressed. "Words," he says, "are too feeble to describe them." He finds other things to like in America, among them, the fact that women are not to be seen in the streets taking the place of horses; while both M. Achard and Prof. Fay have quite a little to say about the appearance of the American street scene in general. There is the question, a rather hackneyed one by this time, of "standardization." M. Duhamel had had his say about the American genius, being "the genius of the bee-hive or the ant-hill," with the further enlightening gloss that "no revolution is conceivable in the American ant-heap," the individual being, the conclusion is, extinct. M. Achard, on the other hand, has the temerity to praise our "standardization" in such matters as the lifting of masculine hats in elevators. This vastly shocked M. Pierre Dominique, writing in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. What, reduce chivalry to an automatic gesture, by removing one's hat the moment one steps in an empty car, in order that, in case a lady should enter, one's top-piece would be off, and one would not have to devote a second to meditation on the rite! It was unthinkable. M. Dominique was, as has been stated, deeply shocked. His attitude toward M. Achard was that of an elder chastising a young one who had dared to break the family rule by playing with the unkempt little boy next door.

There are other books and other points of view. There is M. Paul Morand, with his *New-York* and his *Champions du Monde*. M. Morand is an old friend by now, and we have rather come to trust him. If he errs, it is in the opposite direction, by being a little too American at times. His *New-York* remains an excellent piece of straight reporting—and nothing else; the thing it lacks is some sort of interpretation, a view. But when they drag in even the late Pierre Loti and the sou-tortures he endured, back in 1912, at the hands of a New York sob-sister, who insisted upon having his views on the subject of criminals and their offspring, then we really must be permitted a somewhat broader smile than usual.

The thing, incidentally, is not new. Huysmans, in the last century, predicted that Paris was to become "a sinister Chicago." Paris, nevertheless, seems to be doing very nicely, and as yet, we are not in possession of Scarface Al's Left Bank address, we do not know exactly in what portion of the Parisian *banlieu* Cicero is located, and we can still take our morning stroll down the boulevard without encountering any sawed-off shotguns. An American journalist, E. A. Mowrer, not long ago threw on a little fuel by

THIS QUARTER

publishing an article the object of which was to show that the civilization of old Europe is in a state of decline; but M. Max Rychner, writing by way of answer in the *Cahiers du Sud*, displayed a tolerant insight that is highly to be commended. Europe, he pointed out, has its own native dynamic, "which impels it to constantly repeated renaissances." There is a renovation in process, and to this, contact with America has contributed. Such contact has "added to the vital strength of our continent." M. Rychner adds: "But an inner change with us is not to be provoked from without; it is a thing that has to do with the very essence of the European spirit. That which is most mobile and changeable in us is, at the same time, the most constant element of our lives and temperament." A few more critics like M. Rychner and Prof. Fay, and the discussion might get somewhere. One thing we must object to is the facile journalist, in the hide of a literary gent, who hops across the Atlantic and hops back, and then proceeds to indulge in a series of inky bird-hoppings which he endeavors to pass off as criticism. What we need, perhaps, is fewer journalists and a critic or two.

S. P.



WHERE THEIR IMAGINATION OUGHT TO BE

The dearth of imagination on the part of the young literary climber is becoming rather devastating. There was a time, on the Left Bank, when movements were movements and manifestoes held a wallop. That time, apparently, is long since dead. What is deader than dada? Nothing is deader than dada. Ah, but there is *Surréalisme*. But those deaths were heroic, significant ones. They were not the throes of the stillborn. These reflections are stimulated by a bilious-looking little pamphlet that comes fluttering down upon our desk. It is published in Paris and in English, and bears the title "Anonymous." Opening the little leaflet (which has, somehow, an exceedingly forlorn air), we discover that "Anonymous" is nothing more or less than a new means of saving the world and mankind, not to speak of a long-suffering art and the artist, by the simple means of withholding the names of authors from the books they write. That, dear reader, is the "movement," and a pitiful little one it is. Do not be unkind and remark that, while auctorial anonymity may be a publisher's policy, it hardly can be looked upon as anything in the nature of a literary or spiritual revolution. The entire incident, needless to observe, is tremendously unimportant,—but there we were on an editorial dull day, and as we have said, the bilious brochure did come fluttering our way. It is a very badly written document, and, *malheureuse-*

THE FLYING COLUMN

ment, practically all the erudition that has been so painfully dug up and lugged in is wrong. What the young authors (they must be of high-school age) do not know about mediaevalism, the Homeric poems, primitive bards and other phases of their subject would take too long to point out. It would be unkind, too, to pick upon the funny English (not intended to be word-revolutionary or anything of that sort). The whole point is, if this is not, as we rather take it to be, the work of some American high-school students on the Left Bank,—if, on the contrary, it is the work of not quite so young would-be writers, who are taking, paradoxically, this means of making themselves known and of getting on in the writing world,—then, we merely would remark, as we started out to do in the first place, that the whole business of “movements,” “manifestoes,” et cet., has come to a pretty sorry pass in Paris. Aren’t there, really, any new ideas to be had? Is the young American colony in France absolutely dead?—For only Americans could have been so childish—never a Frenchman, even of *lycée* age. If the colony had one personality who cared to give his time to leadership, something might be done. As it is, we have—“Anonymos”! Anyway, anonymity has its uses upon occasion; it is a good thing the authors of the present document chose to avail themselves of it.

(S. P.)



THE IMAGISTS ANTHOLOGY

Anne Howe’s article in the preceding number of THIS QUARTER, entitled “Blouaugh! Or Romping with the Whimsigists,” and dealing with the *Imagist Anthology*, 1930, has elicited the following communication, which we publish without comment. A copy of this letter was sent by the Editors to the British publishers, the Messrs. Chatto and Windus of London, and to the American publishers, the Messrs. Covici-Friede of New York.

July 19, 1930

Dear Mr. Titus :

Your contributor, Anne Howe, suggests that the *Imagist Anthology*, 1930, might have been put together by the typist. I inform you that this is not the case. I speak from a knowledge of the facts as I was typist of the book. Outside of scrambling a few lines here and there, I had nothing to do with the compilation. I conceived the book, and I typed it; that’s all. I didn’t compile it. That was the work of God.

Anne Howe goes on to say that with the exception of Mr. Ford, this is about the most humorless compilation in literary history.

THIS QUARTER

Your editorial note mentions as an unpardonable literary offense the omission of Ezra Pound, and considers Mr. Ford and Mr. Hughes as responsible for collecting or editing the Anthology.

Re the humor, the whole book is, as Anne Howe evidently suspects, a hoax. Isn't that fun? Neither Mr. Ford nor Mr. Hughes had anything to do with the compilation or publication of the book. Mr. Ford was asked to contribute poems and write an introduction. Mr. Hughes, who has made a study of Imagism, was asked for a foreword. Otherwise they are innocent. Ezra Pound's omission was not an editorial offense; he declined to send any poetry in.

As most of the contributors are now historical figures, and this 1930 *Imagist Anthology* will, along with their previous work, figure in literary histories, it may save the historian of the future needless research if it is pointed out now how this Anthology came to be.

In the Spring of 1929 I was both broke and bored. When I heard that Mr. Hughes had been sent over to Europe by the Guggenheim Foundation to write a book about the Imagists, the idea broke, to wit: Wouldn't it be fun if, at the same time that Mr. Hughes and other literary historians were making the old Imagists immemorial in history books, the Imagists themselves should proceed to bury themselves in a last Anthology, a sort of living tombstone? And, if I could get the Imagists to make a last Anthology, wouldn't the typing go to me? And wouldn't I be having my fun and my pay all in one?

I decided yes. Events then moved quickly. I suggested to one of the staunch old Imagists that he wire his publisher and sell him the idea of a new and last Imagist Anthology. A long cable with a sales wallop was concocted. It got an immediate acceptance. With the book sold to the publishers, it was simply a matter of having letters written to the old Imagists asking them to send in poems and to split profits in equal shares. Mr. Pound was the only one who smelt a rat. He refused to contribute.

All the contributing Imagists are innocent and without guile. They contributed to the book in sincerity. They didn't know it was a hoax, a graveyard joke. It was a sell to them, to the publishers, and to the public and reviewers who swallowed the book; hook, sinker, Ford, Hughes, and all. Inasmuch as Anne Howe has evidently seen through the affair, perhaps it is time now to spill the beans. Otherwise, perhaps another *Spectra* may appear!

Sincerely yours,

(.)

P.-S. — In case you print this letter, or use any of the facts, will you please withhold my name? I sign it to you to show my good faith.

STUDS

by

James F. Farrell

It was raining outside; rain pouring like bullets from countless machine guns; rain spat-spattering on the wet earth and paving in endless silver crystals. Stud's grave out at Mount Olivet will be soaked and soppy, and fresh with the wet, clean odors of watered earth and flowers. And the members of Stud's family will be looking out the windows of their apartment on Luella Avenue, thinking of the cold, damp grave, and the gloomy, muddy cemetery, and of their Studs lying at rest in peaceful acceptance of that wormy conclusion which is the common fate.

At Studs' wake last Monday evening, everybody was mournful, sad that such a fine young fellow of twenty six should go off so suddenly with double pneumonia; blown out of this world like a ripped leaf in a hurricane. They sighed and the women and girls cried, and everybody said that it was too bad. But they were consoled because he had had the priest, and had received Extreme Unction before he died, instead of going off like Swatty Evans, who was killed in a saloon brawl. Poor Swatty. He was a good fellow, and tough as Hell. Poor Studs!

The undertaker—it was probably old man O'Reilley who used to be the usher at St. Anselm's—laid Studs out handsomely. He was outfitted in a sombre black suit, and a white silk tie. His hands were folded over his stomach, clasping a pair of black rosary beads. At his

THIS QUARTER

head, pressed against the satin bedding was a spiritual bouquet, set in line with Studs' large nose. He looked handsome, and there were no lines of suffering on his planed face. But the spiritual bouquet—further assurance that his soul would arrive safely in Heaven—was a dirty trick. So was the administration of the last sacraments. For Studs will be miserable in Heaven, more miserable than he was on those Sunday nights when he would hang around the poolroom at Fifty-Eighth Street and the elevated station, waiting for something to happen. He will find the land of perpetual happiness and goodness, dull and boresome, and he'll be resentful. There will be nothing to do in Heaven, but wait in timeless eternity. There will be no can houses, speak-easies, whores (unless they are reformed) and gambling joints; and neither will there be a shortage of plasterers. He will loaf up and down gold-paved streets, where there is not even the suggestion of a poolroom, thinking of Paulie Harrington, Swatty Evans, Roland Powers, and Hink Weberg, who are in Hell together, because there was no priest around to play a dirty trick on them.

I thought of these things, when I stood by the coffin, waiting for Tommy Barnes, Red O'Keefe, Les Cody, and Joe Cody to finish offering up a few perfunctory prayers in memory of Studs. When they had showered some Hail Marys and Our Fathers on his already prayer-drenched soul, we went out into the dining room.

Years ago when I was a kid in the fifth grade at St. Anselm, Studs was in the graduating class. He was one of the school leaders, a light-faced, blond kid who was able to fight like sixty, and who never took any sass from Tommy Barnes, Red O'Keefe, or any of those fellows from the Fifty-Eighth Street gang. He was quarterback on the school's football team, and liked by the girls.

My first concrete memory of him is of a rainy fall afternoon Dick Buckley and I were fooling around in front of Helen Shearer's house bumping against each

JAMES F. FARRELL

other with our arms folded. We never thought of fighting, but kept pushing, and shoving, and bumping each other. Studs, Red O'Connor, Tubby Collins, the Delaneys, and Jim Graeber came along. Studs urged us into fighting, and I gave Dick a bloody nose. Studs congratulated me, and said that I could come along with them, and play tag in Red O'Connor's basement, where there were several trick passageways.

After that day, I used to go around with Studs and his bunch. They regarded me a sort of mascot, and they kept training me to fight other kids, by punching and shoving me about. But if any other older fellows picked on me, they fought over it. Countless days come back to me in vague remembrances, when I wandered about with Studs. Every now and then he would start boxing about with me.

"Gee, you never get hurt, do you?" he would say.

I would grin in answer, bearing the punishment because of the pride and glory.

"You must be goofy. You can't be hurt."

"Well I don't get hurt like other kids."

"You're too good for Billy Maurer and those kids. You could trim them with your eyes closed. You're good," he would say. Then he would go on training me.

I arranged for a party on my birthday, and invited Studs and the fellows in his bunch. Red O'Connor, a tall, lanky, mean, cowardly kid, went with my brother, and the two of them convinced my folks that Studs was not a fit person for me to invite. I told Studs what happened, and he took such an insult decently. But none of the fellows he went with, would accept my invitations, and most of the girls also refused. On the day of the party, I invited Studs with my family's permission; but he never came.

I have no other concrete recollections of Studs while he was in grammar school. He went to Loyola for one

THIS QUARTER

year, loafed about for a similar period; and then he became a plasterer for his father. He commenced going round Charley Batcheler's poolroom. The usual commonplace story resulted. What there was of the boy disappeared in slobbish roundering. His pleasures became compressed within a hexagonal of whores, movies, pool, alky, poker, and craps. By the time I commenced going into the poolroom (my third year in high school) this process had been completed.

Studs' attitude towards me had also changed to one of contempt. I was a goofy young punk. Often, he made cracks about me. Once when I retaliated by sarcasm, he threatened to bust me, and awed by his former reputation, I shut up. We said little to each other, although occasionally he attempted to borrow fifty or seventy-five cents from me, or discussed Vinc Curry, the corner imbecile.

Studs' companions were small-time hoodlums. He had drifted away from the Delaneys and Ed Kenney who remained bourgeois young men with such interests as formal dances and shows. Perhaps Specker was his closest friend; a tall, mawy-handed, good-natured, child-minded slugger, who knew the address and telephone number of every prostitute on the South Side. Hink Weberg, who should have been in the ring, and who later committed suicide in an insane asylum, Red O'Keefe who was a typical corner wise-cracking, ratty character, Tommy Barnes a fattening, bull-dozing half-good-natured moron, Al Bernudi, and Lyons were also friends.

I know that Studs' family, particularly his sisters, were appalled at his actions. The two sisters, one of whom I loved in an adolescently romantic and unsuccessful manner, were the middle class type of girls who go in for sororities and sensibilities. One Saturday evening, when Studs got drunk earlier than usual, his oldest sister Frances (who was keen) saw him staggering about under the Fifty-Eighth Street elevated station. She was with

JAMES F. FARRELL

a young man in an automobile, and they stopped. Studs talked loudly and surlily to her, and finally they left. Studs reeled after the car, cursing and shaking his fists. Fellows like Johnny Johnson (who went to the U of C in order to become a fraternity man) talked sadly of how Studs could have been more discriminative in his choice of buddies and liquor; and this, too, must have reached the ears of Frances and Loretta.

Physical decay slowly developed. Studs, always a square, planed, broad person began getting soft and slightly fat. He played one or two years with the corner team. He still was an efficient quarterback, but slow. When the team finally disbanded he gave up athletics. He fought and brawled about until one New Year's Eve, he talked out of turn to Al Joyce (who was a boxing champ down at Notre Dame). Al flattened Studs' large nose, besides adding black and blue decorations about the eyes. Studs gave up fighting.

My associations with the corner gradually dwindled. I went to college, and became an atheist. This further convinced Studs that I wasn't right, and he occasionally remarked about my insanity. I grew contemptuous of him, and the others; and some of this feeling crept into my overt actions. I drifted into different groups, and forgot the corner. Then I went to New York, and stories of legendary activities became fact on the corner. I had started a new religion, written poetry, and done countless similar monstrous things. When I returned, I did not see Studs for over a year. One evening, just before the Smith-Hoover election day, I met him, as he came out of the I. C. station with Fat O'Brien, and Mush Cullinan. I talked to Mush and Fat, but not to Studs.

"Aren't you gonna say hello to me?" he asked friendly and he offered me his hand.

I was curious but friendly. We talked of Al Smith's chances in an uninformed, unintelligent fashion for

THIS QUARTER

several minutes, and I injected one joke about free love. Studs laughed at it; and then, they went on.

The next I heard of him, he was dead.

When I went out into the dining room, I found all the old gang there, jabbering in the smoke-thick, crowded room. But, I did not have desire or intention of giving the world for having seen them. They were all inexorably fat and respectable. Cloddishly, they talked of the tragedy of his death, and then went about remembering the good old days. I sat in the corner, and listened.

The scene seemed tragi-comical to me. All these fellows who were the bad boys of my boyhood, and many of whom I admired as proper models for patterning. Now they were all of the same kidney. Frankie Gavin (who once stole fifteen bottles of grape juice from Jim Filios' over at Sixty-Fourth and Stoney Island), Monk McGuire (who lived in a basement on his pool winnings and peanuts for over a year), Bill Scott, the good-hearted, dumbly well-intentioned corner scapegoat, Fat O'Brien, the roly-poly fat boy of St. Cyril's high school, all as alike as so many cans of tomato soup.

Jim Neary, who is now bald-headed, a public-accountant, engaged to be married, and student in philosophy at De Paul University's evening school, was in one corner with Monk.

"Gee Monk, remember the time we went to Plantation, and I got drunk, and went down the alley over-turning garbage cans?" he recalled.

"Yeh, that was some party," Monk said.

"Those were the days," Jim said.

Tubby Collins, whom I recalled as a moody, introspective kid, singled out the social Johnny Johnson, and listened to the latter's talk with Ed Kenny on Illinois U.

Scotty walked about making cracks, finally observing to me "Jim, get a fiddle and you'll look like Paderwooskii."

Red O'Keefe sat enthroned with Les Cody, Barnes,

JAMES F. FARRELL

Bernudi, Burns, young Toots Godsell (waiting to be like these older fellows), talking oracularly.

"Yessir it's too bad. A young fellah in the prime of life going like that. It's too bad," he said.

"Poor Studs," Les Cody said.

"I was out with him a week ago," Burns said.

"He was all right then," O'Keefe said.

"Life is a funny thing," Barnes said.

"It's a good thing he had the priest," O'Keefe said.

"Yeh," Les said.

"Sa-ay last Saturday, I pushed the swellest little baby at Rosy's," Barnes said.

"Was she a little blond?" O'Keefe asked.

"Yeh," Barnes said.

"She's cute. I jazzed her too," O'Keefe said.

"Yeh that night at Plantation was a wow," Jim Neary said.

"We oughta pull off a drunk some night," Monk said.

"Let's," Neary said.

"Say Vinc are you in love?" Scotty asked Curry across the room.

"Now Scotty," Vinc said with imbecillic superiority.

"Remember the time Vinc went to Burnham?" O'Brien asked.

Vinc blushed.

"What happened, Vinc?" Scotty asked.

"Nothing, Scotty," Vinc said confused.

"Go on tell him Vinc. Tell him. Don't be bashful now. Don't be bashful. Tell him all about the little broad," O'Brien said.

"Now Fat, I thought you knew me better than that," Vinc said.

"Come on, Vinc, tell me," Scotty said.

"Some nice little girl sat on Vinc's knee, and Vinc shoved her off, and called her a lousy whore, and left the place," O'Brien said.

"Why Vinc, I'm ashamed of you," Scotty said.

THIS QUARTER

Vinc blushed.

"I gotta get up at six every morning. But I don't mind it. This not workin' is the bunk. You ain't got any clothes or anythin' when yah ain't got the sheets. I know. No sir this loafin' is all krapp. Yah wait around all day for somethin' to happen," Gavin told Kenny Ryan.

"Gee it was tough on Studs," Johnny Johnson said to Ed Kenny.

Ed said that it was tough too. Then they talked of some student from Illinois U. Louie Lederer came in. Louie was professional majordomo of the wake; he was Loretta's fellow. Louie used to be a smart Jew, misplaced when he never was born or lived on the East Side New York city. But now he was sorry with everybody, and thanking them for being sorry. He and O'Keefe talked importantly about pall bearers. Then, he went out. Some fellow I didn't know started telling Clem O'Keefe what time he got up to go to work. McCarthy, the corner drunk, came in, and he too said he was working.

They kept on talking, and I thought more and more that they were a bunch of slob. All the adventurous boy that was in them years ago had been killed. Slob, getting fat and middle aged, bragging of their stupid brawls, reciting the commonplaces of their day's work.

As I left, I saw Loretta, Studs' sister. She was crying so pitifully that she was unable to recognize me. It must have been fun for her. She never could have been affectionate towards Studs. He was so outside of her understanding. I know she never mentioned him, the few times I took her out. But she cried pitifully.

As I left, I thought that Studs had looked handsome. He would have gotten a good break too, if they hadn't given him Extreme Uncion. For life would have grown into fatter and fatter decay for him, just like it was starting to do with O'Keefe, Barnes, Gavin, and McCarthy. He, too, was a slob; but he died without having to live

JAMES F. FARRELL

countless slobbish years. If only they had not sent him to heaven where there are no whores and poolrooms.

I walked home with Joe Cody, who isn't like the others. We couldn't feel sorry over Studs. It didn't make any difference.

"Joe, he was a slob," I said.

Joe did not care to use the same language, but he did not disagree.

And now the rain keeps falling on Studs' new grave, and his family mournfully watches the leaden sky, and his old buddies are at work wishing that it was Saturday night, and that they were just getting into bed with a naked voluptuous blond.

INTRODUCING THE GALIGNANI LIBRARY

IT is the first time that it has associated its policy with the moderns, but it is pleased to do so because it recognizes that the style of these writers has come to stay.

Why ? Because we realize that the times have changed, that "modernism" exists ; it carries its weight. Its writers are of the best. Its Journals are of the same quality and so we join them and by doing so invite you to fraternize.

"Moderns" after all express their thoughts in language strong and strange, may be, but it is frequently the form of expression which carries conviction. We shall welcome a call from High-Brows. Low-Brows and Broad-Brows who all expect and will receive good service at

224, Rue de Rivoli — Paris